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* This is not the first time that Mr. Reade has built upon another man's foundation. Many years ago he introduced a story by a French author as his own, and was exposed in like manner. We think it was before the era of *The Living Age*.

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"LET US PRAY."

WHEN dark the road, and sore the foot,
And desolate the way,
We have a Light, a Strength, a Guide, —
Oremus, "Let us pray."

Prayer is a culture of the soul
That turns to wheat our tares;
Prayer is a begging angel whom
We shelter unawares.

Prayer is a wisdom which the wise
To babes have oft resign'd;
But He who bade us seek, be sure
He meant that we should find.

A small hand feeling in the night,
A natural gasp for air,
A half-articulate aim at speech —
To want to pray is Prayer.

What though our language halts? The halt
Have also walk'd with God:
They lean upon his arm, and find
A staff even in his rod.

The song of Moses is a song
That long through Heaven has rung,
And yet the prayer of Moses came
From one of stammering tongue

"Unask'd He gives," dost thou object?
Yet ask Him not the less,
For even a blessing blessing needs
To make it blessedness.

"Unask'd He gives;" 'tis very true,
His bounty is so great;
Yet no man ever got from God,
But he had more to get.

"But what if we should ask amiss,
As one who knew has taught?"
There's no man asks so much amiss
As he that asks for naught.

He gives or He withholds in love, —
In this one truth we rest:
God does the best; 'tis only man
That does it *for* the best.

"What will be, will be:" yea, but that
Is not a theme for thee;
The one important point is this, —
What wilt thou to be?

Wilt thou be made? was never asked
Of any living soul;
The only question put to man
Is, Wilt thou be made whole?

"But how is it so great a boon
Through simple prayer we meet?"

We know not how, we only know
That this is His receipt.

Sufficient that He tells us so,
Whose word we cannot doubt;
Sufficient surely that we see
It somehow brought about.

"He knows thy wants without thine aid,
He sees the thing thou art:"
He does, and knows our greatest want
Is an obeying heart.

He could have made the marriage wine
At Cana with a word;
The water that the guests brought in
Was nothing to the Lord;

But what He needs not, He requires,
And should the guests decline,
He leaves them with their emptiness,
And makes no water wine.

Then, when He bids thee fill the pots,
Go fill them to the brim, —
Not fearing lest ye ask too much,
Exhaust, or weary Him.

J. B. M.

— *People's Magazine*.

THE BATCHELOR TO HIS BUTTONS.

ADIEU! thou ill-starred race, adieu!
Thy banishment I'll not bewail;
But trust I never more may view,
The broken rings which fret my nail.
How oft on wrist or collar band
A disc delusive dangled, where
Urged by some mercenary hand
The iron stern had entered there!

Oh, Woman, who did first invent
That badge of our dependent state;
Hast thou not laughed at our lament,
When buttonless we stamped irate?
Sweet nymphs have struck a tender chord,
And smiling, whispered, half in dread:
"How helpless is a noble lord,
Whose happiness hangs by a thread."

But, lo! a mighty thought is born,
From Jove full armed Minerva springs;
The hollow mould which roused our scorn,
Gives place to firm and brighter things.
Then idle girls, who watchful see
Man's jocund freedom, softly say,
"Strong, Sir, as golden links may be
Love's links are stronger far than they."
— *Punch*.

From the British Quarterly Review.

- (1). *L'Armée Prussienne*. Par MICHEL CHEVALIER. Paris: Dentu. 1856.
- (2). *War Map of the German States*. London: Nelson & Sons.

THE present age has been singularly prolific in political revolutions. It has been the lot of no other to witness the accretion of two minor States into extensive kingdoms, upon the downfall of an empire which for centuries had treated them as rebellious vassals. One of these States, who now speaks to Europe in the name of Germany, and who certainly bids fair to unite the whole of Germany under her sceptre, was unknown at the Reformation. The other, who now directs the destinies of Italy, was unknown as an Italian power previous to the Treaty of Utrecht. It is remarkable that these, the last-comers into the group of principalities, of which they formed the least promising units, should have finally absorbed the greater portion of their neighbours, within the limits of our generation, and finally laid prostrate their imperial enemy, who had so often cudgelled them into subjection. There is a connection between these two states, an identity of principle and a uniformity of action, independent of the similarity of their destinies and of their recent alliance, which may throw some light on their marvellous success. If they now find themselves at the head of their respective races, the causes which have led their steps from the cradle of barren provinces to the summits of flourishing empires have not been divergent.

The Counts of Savoy, like those of Hohenzollern, trace back their lineage to the tributaries of King Otho and Charlemagne. For a long period they maintained a precarious existence; Prussia as a fief of Poland, and Savoy as a satrap of the German Emperor, only too happy, under the shelter of such powerful patronage, to escape the fangs of annihilation. Both States, from their beginning, appear to have acted upon the principle of clutching land wherever they could get it, seizing little parcels of territory here and there, and leaving it for time to consolidate the fragments thus acquired into one compact dominion. If the intervening proprietors could not be ejected by conquest, they were cozened by barter. Those whom neither the sword nor money could subdue were caught in the meshes of Venus. The value of lives was calculated with the accuracy of a modern insurance office, and by the marriage of a young scion with the heir apparent of the property, the reversionary

interest of the coveted prize was secured. By adroit tactics of this sort, as well as by military service, the Counts of Savoy extended their sway from Maurienne to Susa and Montserrat, and from Montserrat to Turin. An intrenched position on the northern slopes of the Alps, led almost by a natural consequence, to a position equally fortified with castles on the south; and the command of the mountain passes soon resulted in encroachment on the plain. By similar strategy the Counts of Hohenzollern, from the swamp of Brandenburg, hardly bigger than an English county, dotted the western and northern parts of Germany with demesnes, which served rather to map out the frontiers of their prospective kingdom than as vital members of the same corporate body.

The Jülich and Cleves Duchies were leagues away from Brandenburg, as Brandenburg was from Stettin, and neither of these had any topographical connection with East Prussia. Yet at each European treaty both Prussia and Sardinia came in for some make-weight, which served to round off their dominions, till both were allowed, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, Prussia, by direct stipulation with the Emperor of Austria, and Sardinia, by consent of the great powers, to assume the state and dignity of royal kingdoms. This was the great turning-point in their respective destinies. The sword of Frederick, by adding Silesia to Brandenburg, and filling up the gap between East and Central Prussia with Posen, lifted Prussia from the humble condition of a feudatory into that of a rival of the House of Austria. The Congress of Vienna, by adding Genoa to the dominions of Piedmont, enabled her to pursue in Italy a line of her own, free from the tutelage of the same imperial house. In the rest of the rôle there is a perfect identity of means, as well as of ends. Austria, with all the obstinacy of the Hapsburgs, hugged to the last the old principles of an effete feudatory government. Her two young rivals adopted every principle which modern reason and experience prove to be essential to political progress. Prussia, by becoming the arbiter of the commercial, paved her way to become the arbiter of the political destinies of Germany. Sardinia, also by commercial reforms, taught Italy to inaugurate the reconstruction of her old constitutions. Both States, by an enlightened system of national education, by commercial codes based upon strict reciprocity, by representative institutions, and by the widest religious freedom, appeared in startling advantage by the side

of surrounding despotisms. The contrast was one of light and darkness, of science and ignorance, of integrity and corruption, of modern improvement and blind retrogression. The ill-governed were naturally taught to look up to incorporation with the well-governed people as their only chance of escape from political servitude. The first opportunity for political stratagem which presented itself to Cavour dissolved, as if by the stroke of enchantment, the effete governments of Italy, and led to the incorporation with his government of three-fourths of the Peninsula. The first opportunity for political stratagem which presented itself to Bismarck has enabled him to repeat the same process in Germany.

But though there are many remarkable points of similarity between the fortunes of Prussia and Italy, these are not unaccompanied with differences which may serve to explain the political situation. The princes of Sardinia have generally proved faithful to the code of honour. Their history is stained with fewer crimes than that of any other in the annals of Europe. They have been guilty of neither spoliation nor treachery. Indeed, in the wars of Europe, regardless of their political interests, they have generally sided with Austria, to whom their fealty was pledged against France. Prussia contrariwise has been guided in her alliances by no principle but that of selfish expediency, changing sides in every quarrel she has espoused with the same facility as if the belligerents were only partners in a dance. We do not know that Sardinia, even in her early course, ever annexed a town without the consent of the inhabitants. But Prussia has ruthlessly kidnapped the places she could not obtain by fair means, turning the same deaf ear to the remonstrances of the annexed State as she did to the tall recruits whom she used to kidnap for her army. There is no principle of international law upon which she has not trampled, no act of robbery or perfidy which she has hesitated at perpetrating to accomplish her objects. She first suggested, and was the most unscrupulous agent in carrying out the partition of Poland. The very fief from which she derives her name was obtained by ejecting the knights, whose vested interests she, as the chief of their body, had undertaken by the most solemn obligations of guardianship to defend. Two of the most important limbs of the empire, Posen and Silesia, were seized by acts of Luccaneering unsurpassed in the history of nations. While, as a member of the third coalition, receiving money from Great Britain to equip and despatch 90,000

troops to Austerlitz, she entered into a stipulation with Napoleon, by which she was allowed to annex the British Hanoverian dominions as the price of her abstention from the conflict. When Napoleon entered on his Russian campaign, Prussia bound herself by solemn compact to guard his rear on the banks of the Vistula, with a force of 30,000 men. She fulfilled her engagement by turning against his outfrozen army the very bayonets he relied upon for its defence. Her last raid against Schleswig Holstein is of a piece with her previous history. She took upon herself, as agent of the Germanic Confederation, to claim these Duchies as members of the Bund. Having, with the assistance of Austria, seized the spoil, she quietly appropriated it to herself, kicked Austria out, and hurled the Confederation into the dust.

This unconquerable craving for expansion and remarkable tenacity of grip, which have characterized the House of Hohenzollern from its earliest years, have been accompanied with a characteristic which might redeem worse faults than rapacity, and certainly presents Prussia in favorable contrast with Sardinia and surrounding nations. She had loaded her subjects with no debt worth mentioning, but has carried out a rigid economy in every department of the State. The kings and electors of Prussia have been the most parsimonious princes who ever occupied a throne. They have reduced their household expenditure to the lowest possible limit, not simply to hoard up wealth for their successors, but to lighten the burdens of the State, and to provide the country with an efficient administrative system, and with a strong arm of defence. The princes of Prussia have been known to melt down their plate, to sleep on camp beds, to dress in frieze, to live on peasants' fare, with a view to keep the national expenditure within the limits of the yearly receipts. The economy they practised themselves, they forced upon every officer in the public service. It is amusing to hear Voltaire describe his disappointment on his first interview with Frederic, when he found that prince in a bare room, with his bed in one corner, and a naked table, lighted with a single taper in the other, when he expected, Frenchman-like, to see him surrounded with gilt trappings and upholstery magnificence of every kind. His father sold his jewels, sent his spoons to the mint, abolished the expense of court ceremonials, and even forewent the use of peruke maker and of tailors in order to establish a breeding seminary for the army, which the son turned to

such notable account. The frugal habits Prussia observed in her impoverished state she has not lost sight of in her prosperous years. Even yet the Finance Committee of Prussia exhibits yearly the cleanest balance-sheet in Europe. The country, considering its extent, is the lightest taxed and the cheapest to live in in the world. While other nations have contracted large debts in times of peace, she has made her yearly resources provide for her yearly exigencies in times of war. After the recent conflict, she quartered her troops for weeks upon her prostrate opponents, besides mulcting them in heavy expenses, by which, if she collects the proceeds, the late campaign instead of imposing a loss, will confer an actual gain upon her treasury. The States she has incorporated have always been made to pay for the privilege of being annexed, and for the expense which that operation has entailed. By refusing to anticipate her revenues, and to entangle herself in expensive loans, she has been enabled to keep her metallic far ahead of her paper currency. It is this regard for her financial soundness which has made Prussia the most hopeful country in Europe. For her trifle of twenty millions of debt she has provided a sinking fund, which promises to rid the nation of it in twelve years; while Austria and Italy, staggering under the load of immense debts, have no escape from financial beggary, except by heavy national taxation. The consequence is, that the Prussian people find themselves in possession of empire without the pecuniary exigencies and the burdensome debts, which are generally the price at which empire has been purchased. They enjoy all the advantages of a great nation along with the social ease, and freedom from grinding taxation which have been hitherto the exclusive privilege of a small nation. If, therefore, Prussia has evinced a riotous predilection for absorbing surrounding principalities, it has not been without putting in the most incontestable credentials for governing them to the best advantage. If she has forced her rule upon others, it has been more to the advantage of the governed than of the administrators. The latter have had more work without increased pay. The States violently incorporated, like the Sabine women, may have screamed out at first, but their subsequent contentment only shows that they have no other wish than to live upon terms of the closest intimacy with their violators.

It is this absorption of the personal interest of the Prussian monarchy in that of the State which gives to that country a

peculiar freedom, unrestricted in its social and religious elements, and yet modified by that parental care which the Government, as the father of the State, thinks it ought to exercise over every subject. Italy, with all its freedom, has a state religion which as the guardian of national morality it is pledged to support. Prussia has none. She cares no more about a man's religion than about the colour of his coat. Every religious denomination has a clear stage and no favour. Even a Jew may guide her Parliament, and a Roman Catholic may mount her throne. Yet her princes have had no notion of subjecting themselves to inconveniences on account of the welfare of the State, without making their subjects do so likewise. If they have disciplined themselves, they have also insisted upon disciplining their people. The State is, therefore, as a corporate entity, intruded upon every subject's attention at the critical stages of his life, exacting from him certain duties, and compelling his obedience thereto. Prussia claims twelve years of the life of every one of her male subjects, for moulding his mind and drilling his body. As soon as a child of either sex arrives at the age of seven years, to school it must go, and be initiated there for seven years more, not merely in reading and writing, but in the elementary principles of mechanics, in the handling of tools, and in the nature of the relationship which exists between its own body and the surrounding universe. At twenty-one the State interferes again. Every male adult must be initiated for three years into the functions of a common soldier. Even the princes of the blood are not exempt from the general law. To the exigency of this service every domestic tie, private compact, and professional engagement must adapt itself. The State will insist upon three years of every subject's life being sacrificed to itself, on the threshold of manhood. Having then fixed her mark upon him, she retains him in her service for the rest of his life. In two years afterwards he is drafted into the reserve force, which, however, leaves him ample space to follow his occupations as a private citizen. He is then held to the State by looser ties, as a part of the landwehr (militia), though still liable to be called upon for active service in cases of emergency. Having passed through the first ban of the militia at thirty-one, he becomes a member of the second, which though entailing the same duties, has less chance of having its services called into active requisition. He finally passes into the landsturm, as a mem-

ber of which he always continues liable to be called out for garrison duty whenever the State has need of his services. By this connection between her main army and its reserves, the State is enabled at a moment's notice to convert her population into a vast camp, in which every man's strength is utilized to the utmost, and each performs the service most fitted for his season of life. Her military force has the flexibility of a lady's fan combined with the properties of the King of Lydia's ring. Fold it up, and the army is lost in the population, extend it, and the population disappears behind the army.

Perhaps in no country in the world has the blending of the military with the commercial element, of the paternal form of government with the largest amount of social freedom, been so felicitously realised. This arises from the fact that the paternal government does not take care of the individual for himself, but for the State. His liberty is interfered with only so far as may be necessary to enable him to perform the duties which he owes to society. The soldier is never allowed for a moment to forget that he is a citizen, or the citizen that he is a soldier. Even in time of peace the army is employed upon public works. It may seem a great hardship for a man to be torn from the bosom of his family and made to shoulder a musket, but the training thus received is only a further extension of schooling. He learns sword exercise, and acquires methodised habits. He accustoms his body to hardships. He goes through all sorts of gymnastics. We are not, therefore, quite sure, that, apart from its military purposes, it may not be the very best preparation which a nation can receive for the duties of manhood. At all events the Prussian drill system, combined with the Prussian school system, is the readiest means of approach yet devised to the realisation of the sound heathen maxim, '*Mens sana in corpore sano*.' What is best for the individual is undoubtedly best for the community. People who have this discipline hanging over them are not disposed to indulge in premature marriages. The sexes do not join in Prussia until they are able to procreate a robust offspring. If the Prussian soldiery handle their gun better, and are readier at their sword and lance than any other, it is the natural consequence of their military training acting upon the strongest constitutions in Europe.

It is singular that this flexible system of military organisation should have been the result, not of reason selecting the best of

many elaborately devised theories, but of iron necessity. The armies which the great Frederic led to battle were composed mostly of foreigners officered by the native nobility. Instead of the soldier and citizen being combined in the same person, there was a wall of separation between them. The army was a separate caste from the population, and consumed four-fifths of the revenues of the State. A master mind like Frederic's, who could infuse life into anything, got what he wanted out of so cumbersome an instrument, but the whole thing fell to pieces when brought into collision with a nation of soldiers. The battle of Jena showed Prussia that she was lavishing her resources upon a delusion, and depending for her military strength upon a broken reed. At the treaty of Tilsit she was stripped of one-half of her dominions, and obliged to submit to the condition of not keeping a numerical force on foot greater than 70,000 men. But that which Napoleon thought would deprive the Prussian Eagle of its talons, in reality proved to be the multiplying of those talons a hundred-fold, and the endowing of each with renovated strength. Steinboest, the war minister, while keeping down the standing army to the prescribed amount, by enlisting recruits for a short term of service, and afterwards drafting them into the militia, soon passed three-fourths of the adult population of Prussia through its ranks. Martial exercises, systematically repeated, made the citizen an adept in the functions of a soldier long after his discharge from the exclusive duties of the profession. The Prussian army resembled a little lake, constantly receiving and disembodying its waters, yet liable at any moment to have its limits swelled out into an immense sea, by its discharged currents being flung back into its basin. The first mighty gathering took place in the campaign which ended in the field of Leipsic. The little force of 40,000 men, in the course of a single night extended itself into a force of 220,000 men. Napoleon was not more surprised at the suddenness of this apparition than Fitz James, when the warriors of Rhoderic Dhu, emerging at his shrill whistle from the ferns of Benledi, converted a slope of mountain heather into a camp of bristling steel. The army at Quatre Bras and Waterloo proved itself quite equal to the results expected from it. In those bloody conflicts, Prussia was, after Great Britain, the principal agent in releasing Europe from the thralldom of France.

When Prussia took her seat at the Coun-

cils of Vienna, her territories were in the condition of a man whose right arm is separated from his body, and whose legs appear to belong to other bodies wedged between them. Hanover still erected a barrier between the Westphalian Duchies and the main body on the north. On the south, a knot of minor principalities intercepted all communication between the eastern and western provinces of the kingdom. Prussia now required not only that her former territories should be restored to her, but that some of these minor principalities should cease to exist. True to the grasping instinct of her dynasty, she demanded not only the incorporation of the whole of Saxony and the entire country between the Weser and the Elbe, but that the electorates of Nassau and Mayence should be annexed to her dominions. Hanover, doubtless, would have been in the coveted list, had not Hanover at that time been an appanage of his British Majesty. These demands Austria resisted. Her chief had already parted at Presburg with the imperial mantle, as Emperor of Germany, by right of which she claimed the fealty of the Prussian princes as possessors of the fief of Brandenburg, and no superiority now was left to her, except such as accrued from the dislocated state of her rivals, and the compact strength of her own possessions. If Prussia, therefore, was to be aggrandised, it must not be in the way of consolidation. She got a piece of Franconia here, and a bit of Saxony there, and from France, the left bank of the Rhine, in return for giving up a slice of Poland to the new province of Warsaw — ample indemnities for disgoring a part of what she had acquired by robbery and spoliation, but still leaving her territories a more curious assortment of odd and dislocated parts, than the most broken piece of tessellated pavement in the world. Still further to protect the interests of the weaker States, Austria interlaced them in one confederation, in which she assigned Russia a place inferior only to herself. Prussia, therefore, was bound by double trammels. She could not gain a single inch of territory without arraying against herself, not only the forces of Austria, but those of the entire Bund. But expansion was a necessity of her existence. The parts of which the Prussian monarchy was composed were continually gravitating towards each other. The gigantic obstacles which opposed their union, when the time came, were as suddenly pushed aside as a mass of rock upheaved

by a piece of water seeking to find its own level.

Prussia, in her time, had experienced enough of confederations. She could not form any for herself, and was perpetually excluded from others, or admitted only on condition of playing a very inferior part. In the old Bund of the Empire she was almost lost, as a unit among some two hundred and fifty principalities, bound by ties of homage and military wardenship to the imperial house she has now laid prostrate at her feet. When Napoleon broke up the old Bund and constructed the Rhenish Confederation out of its fragments, Prussia found herself rigorously excluded from the alliance. The territories of which she had been stripped had gone to swell the estates of petty principalities who yesterday had been content to lick her feet, but who now, through the indulgence of their conqueror, affected airs of magniloquence and grandeur even superior to herself. She had previously struck the patriotic note, seeking to patch up another confederation upon the basis of the exclusion of the foreigner, of which she was to be the head: but no one could be found to commit themselves with an erratic but aspiring State, which left them no option but being swallowed up by their protector, or crushed to the dust by the overwhelming weight of Napoleon. The substitution of the Germanic Confederation for that of the Rhine did not much improve her prospects in this direction, as she found herself shackled with treaties and conventions which left her no possible outlet for the accomplishment of her destinies, except by revolution. It, however, kept alive the feeling of 'Germany for the Germans,' which she so vainly attempted to arouse for her own purposes in 1806, and which, as the State containing most German souls, invested her pretensions with an air of reasonableness before the world. Besides, the confederation which Metternich constructed was a military confederation, based upon rearing an insurmountable barrier against the inroad of the Frank, rather than a confederation determining the external relationship between the States themselves. Such an omission could not escape the notice of so astute a power as Prussia. She determined to supplement the confederation of Metternich with a confederation of her own. If Austria was at the head of the military, she resolved to place herself at the head of the social and commercial organization of Germany.

Although the greatest necessity for a

commercial league existed between the different States of the Confederation, the task was one by no means easy of accomplishment. The jealousy with which the minor States regarded Prussia induced them to repudiate her supremacy in everything. But by patience and stratagem Prussia overcame all obstacles. It was not until 1825 that she could prevail on Hesse Darmstadt to adopt her scheme. It took seven years more to induce Bavaria and Wurtemberg to follow in the wake of Darmstadt, and then, not until she had removed from the cabinet of Munich her keen-sighted opponent Count Armanberg; Saxony, after some hesitation, and then Baden, joined the league. Frankfurt was compelled to accede by the superior strength of her antagonist. But Hanover, Brunswick, Hesse Cassel, and Oldenburg stood out to the last. They got up a league of their own, evidently suspecting, with Count Armanberg, that Prussia had some political motive in imposing her tariff upon the whole of Germany. But Prussia could wait. As Hanover was connected with England, she first endeavoured to detach that kingdom from its allies; but only succeeded with Hesse Cassel, who violated the pact it had formed, and joined the Prussian union. By these isolated efforts, pertinaciously pursued, Prussia, in 1839, became the arbiter of the national resources of the vast territory which extends between the Baltic and the Alps. She dictated the law in all essential points, and moulded the commercial institutions of four kingdoms, one electorate, three grand dukedoms, and more than twenty smaller principalities. This was not merely a shadow of the political supremacy to which she was aspiring, but a very large instalment of it. It was a gigantic stride in the path which the Princes of Hohenzollern had early struck out for themselves, of making the increase of their own power proportionate with the advantages conferred upon those whom they had induced or compelled to submit to it. Formerly, a bale of goods could hardly traverse two hundred miles of German territory without being stopped at some half-dozen different custom-houses by legalized bandits, who came forth to rifle its contents, and mulct the owner in harassing imposts. But now, goods could be sent from Lake Constance to the banks of the Niemen without stopping once in their route, or being subject to any but one uniform toll for the entire transit.

The consequence was as rapid an increase of the industrial wealth of the members of the union as took place in this country

when steam-engines supplied the place of hand-labour or mail-coaches. But we do not believe that Prussia would have cared a straw about one bale the more or one freight the less of cotton or isinglass, or drysaltery, poured into the German States, had it not been for the political power masked behind it. She had no inducement to swell the coffers of her neighbours, except to captivate their people. By stimulating the productive energies of 8,654 German square miles of territory, she taught the twenty-seven millions and a quarter of their inhabitants, to regard her as the creator of their material prosperity, and to look to the reservoirs from which their wealth flowed as situate at Berlin. Nor were their princes unfettered by the union. Prussia, by making them feel that their continuance in the Zollverein depended on her option, could command their votes in the Diet, under the thumbscrew of diminishing their material wealth.

There was, however, one little difference between the great confederation organized at Vienna, and its supplement organized at Berlin. While Prussia was included in the one, Austria was shut out from the other. Indeed, the feeling of Germany for the Germans, which the establishment of the Zollverein had intensified so much, was hardly one in which her great southern rival could participate; keeping Italy dismembered in order to add a limb of the Peninsula to the motley group of Czechs, Hungarians, Istrians, Dalmatians, Illyrians and Styrians, over whom she ruled, and linking the destinies of some eight millions of Germans to this piebald assemblage of nations, Austria could hardly throw in her lot with any national party without spreading disaffection to her rule. In fact, it was putting a light to the very explosive materials on which that rule was erected. By this engine Prussia held Austria at an immense disadvantage, and she never failed to use it when she meant her rival any mischief. For, if Prussia raised the national cry, Austria could not stand aloof, nor pretend to be indifferent to its meaning. She was obliged to bid against Prussia for the leadership of Germany, and play and coquet with an instrument which threatened her with death. When Prussia raised the cry, at the commencement of the century, the feeling was too weak, and the Gallic power in Germany too strong for it to be turned to account by either party. When she raised the cry in 1813, Austria, in consequence of the sacrifices she had made, was allowed to embody the feeling in a permanent organi-

zation and place herself at the head of it. When the cry was next raised in '48, Prussia had taken steps that no one should reap the fruit of her own shouting but herself. For it fell upon the ears of a population, whom, for the last quarter of a century, she had taught, not only to collect the material fruits of union without the assistance of Austria, but to look upon her as the great obstacle which impeded their full realization. The sound also came thundering across the Alps of 'Italy for the Italians,' with which the existence of Austria was regarded as equally incompatible. Here were two countries in fear of each other, whose establishment was based upon the annihilation of a common enemy. But the movement was associated with a wild spirit of democracy, which struck at the conservative basis of her institutions, and Prussia did not care about being carried to the summit of her wishes by an agitation which threatened to undermine the foundations of her monarchy. The fact is, Prussia found, that in the phantom of national unity, she had raised another Frankenstein which threatened to make short work of the author of its own existence. Had her councils been guided by a bold minister, Prussia might have reaped the advantages which she has at present obtained, and helped to complete the edifice of Italian liberty without French interference. But, scared by the bold attitude of German democracy, she contented herself with petting the unitarian movement by invading the Elbe Duchies, thinking her great rival sufficiently damaged by having to call in Russia for the suppression of the popular party both in Hungary and Italy. The odium Austria thus acquired made her anxious to regain lost ground by flinging herself unreservedly into the agitation for German unity, and which the failures of '48 rather smothered than subdued. By prolonging the Schleswig Holstein dispute, to which Prussia had given such prominence, with that view, Austria was in the condition of the bird who hugs to its own destruction the shaft which the artful fowler has winged with a feather from its own breast.

There cannot be a doubt that about the Elbe Duchies, Prussia, from the time the quarrel broke out, had clearly made up her mind. The end was, in accordance with the ancestral rapacity of her power, to pocket these Duchies for herself, and to stimulate the old cry of Germany for the Germans for that purpose. The troops she had marched into Schleswig on the first opportunity in '48, were withdrawn only in obedience to Russia. Nor did she retire

without leaving behind her in the heart of the territory secret committees of insurrection, and all the organized machinery of revolt which she afterwards fed with men and ammunition from Berlin. When the Great Powers in London thought they had settled the dispute, and decreed the terms which should pin the Duchies to Denmark on the accession of the new dynasty, Prussia was the only one of the high contracting parties who refused to sign the protocols. As soon, therefore, as breath was out of the old king's body, Prussia repudiated the convention of '52, and declared herself unfettered by its provisions. She could not sign away the German's birthright to the tutelage of his countrymen without, indeed, renouncing her own claims to the guardianship of his race.

It is commonly supposed that in the events which followed, Prussia was the unwilling agent of the German democracy, backed by the agitation of the minor States, anxious to strengthen their influence in the Bund by the addition of another member to their body. But this is a notion quite of a piece with that which never saw in the Dano-German dispute anything more than the trifling question whether the handful of Germans who inhabited the Duchies should have their interests stultified at Frankfort, or eclipsed at Copenhagen. The interminable manner in which this business turned up some half-dozen times after it had been dead and buried, the reams of papers wasted about it, the numerous protocolings, the books and the pamphlets employed in its obscurity, which would cover an area greater than the entire of Germany, the correspondence of crowned heads, the disputes in their respective cabinets, and the assembling of the representatives of those cabinets in stormy congress both at London, at Frankfort, and elsewhere, the menaces of war arising out of it, which thrice threatened to wrap the whole of Europe in flame; all this, when contrasted with the insignificant matter ostensibly in dispute, seemed very much like shaking a hemisphere to pieces in order to connect two dilapidated sheds out of its ruins. The whole thing seemed a profound enigma to the ordinary mind. Even astute statesmen who probed the bottom of every other mystery, never pretended to fathom that. But what seemed dark and opaque to everybody else, was to Prussia instinct with light and intelligence. The Elbe Duchies, insignificant as they seemed to others, were, to her, the fulcrum upon which, firmly planted, her single lever might move the world. They

would give her the possession of the mouth of the Elbe, and a wide seacoast, indented with numerous harbours, both on the North sea and on the Baltic.

Her seizure was not simply important from the territory they would put in her possession, but from the further acquisitions to which they must lead; for it was only following out the old policy of her house, to absorb border states by first clutching others on the opposite side of their frontiers, and so reducing the intervening proprietors to nominal subjection. In this instance, indeed, the princes of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Strelitz, who alone separated her from Holstein, were already her satraps, so that possession of the coveted prize meant nothing less than an accession of territory nearly equal to her Rhenish dominions. That Prussia, therefore, should have moved heaven and earth about this business, that she should have kept it dangling before the world as the only thing fit for human disquisition, that she should have allowed Europe no peace, either day or night, as long as there was a chance of the prize slipping from her grasp, is to us perfectly intelligible. If the minor States, with German democracy, took up the question on the accession to Denmark of the dynasty of Glucksburg, it was because at that critical period Prussia had set the agitation afoot with more vigour than ever. She first let loose as much of the popular current about German unity as sufficed to stir the Bund into action, and then placed herself at the head of the movement. But Austria, as usual, would not allow her to monopolize all the credit of the adventure, but must accompany her in this hypocritical crusade in quest of what neither wanted, and in the prosecution of which both were resolved alike upon plundering the Danes, hoodwinking the Germans, and cheating each other. For the minor States to embark in this perilous enterprise was rash enough. But to Austria, once more confronted, not as heretofore with the phantom of Italian unity, but with the substantial embodiment actually in arms, this act of temerity was equal to that of a man who with an avalanche hanging in his rear rushes to a pitfall in front. When the booty was captured, and the prey came to be divided, Austria, as might have been expected from the distance of Denmark from her dominions, could not obtain a single inch of territory, but was offered in requital a mere money payment; as if the great inheritors of the Cæsars had dwindled into Swiss mercenaries, ready to assist their neighbours to any plunder they

pleased at so many guelders a campaign. Austria rather ingenuously appealed to the Bund, but Bismarck, having only to stamp his foot to bring an Italian army to his assistance, set both the Bund and Austria at defiance.

When the alliance was finally determined upon between Italy and Prussia, we do not pretend, any more than the Austrian embassy at Berlin, to say; but what seems pretty clear is this, that for the last five years such an alliance had been entertained by both Courts as a very likely event. There were indeed too many analogies between the two countries for the utility of a league between them to escape even common observation. Both had sprung from the north; both had converted sandy swamps into flourishing gardens and cornfields; both had the same enemy to defeat, the same aspirations to realize, the same destiny to accomplish. But while the fate of Italy hung in the balance between the will of the autocrat at the Tuileries and the revolutionary committees of Piedmont, Prussia held aloof, thinking her neighbour not respectable enough for any notice beyond that of censure and rebuke. She protested against her annexation of Tuscany, and of the Legations. She even stigmatized, with singular effrontery, her invasion of the Pontifical States as a wanton infringement of international law. It does not appear that until Cavour placed his Italian kingdom firmly upon its legs, and showed its competency to stand, that the eyes of Prussia were open to the fact, that Italy was a country, not only whose nationality she might safely recognize, but whose example she might wisely follow. Sardinia, while a petty State, had in the course of a few months, amid the applause of Europe, bowled over some half-dozen principalities, and incorporated their domains with her territories. What was there to hinder Prussia, a powerful State, fortified with the same political weapons, from accomplishing similar results in Germany? Even that question of the Elbe Duchies, which she seemed to consider so paramount, Cavour had looked into, and actually pointed out as an instrument which, if dexterously handled, might help Italy to Venice while at the same time it established the supremacy of Prussia in Germany. Cavour's sagacity, and the great reputation he left behind him in Europe, were not lost upon Bismarck, who transferred his tactics to Berlin. From this time the *rapprochement* between the two nations became an accomplished fact. The mode, and the how of the com-

pact, the number of men to be furnished, may not have been adjusted, but with regard to the broad features of the alliance, that Italy was to have Venice, in return for aiding Prussia to get the Elbe Duchies, and to reconstitute herself in Germany, that is believed to have been perfectly understood by the two Courts, before a shot was fired across the Düppel, as firmly as anything can be believed by the legations of Europe. Hence, for the last few years, Italy kept enlarging her armaments far beyond her actual means or requirements, and to an extent which those of her admirers, not in the secret, pronounced to be downright insanity. Those Elbe Duchies, from putting a great many pens, had come to put a great many swords in motion. Big floundering generals, with saucer eyes, had come to peer into that unfathomable abyss, and thought that the cavity might very possibly be filled up, with advantage to Europe.

The Italian armaments, though on a colossal scale, were by no means greater than were required by the pressing nature of the emergency. For, as was all along foreseen, when the decree of the Diet left Prussia no alternative but an appeal to arms, the powers arrayed against her in Germany were of a very formidable character. There was first the great army of Austria, numbering, apart from its Lombardo-Venetian contingent, some 600,000 men. There were then the separate forces of Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemberg, Hanover, and the little cluster of northern States, which could not amount to less than 130,000 more. Finally came the united army of the Confederation, which, exclusive of Prussia, may be set down as an actual force of 200,000 men. To cope with this formidable military array, Prussia could not bring more than 550,000 men in the field.

It was, therefore, quite on the cards that Prussia should be outflanked in Germany; in which case there would have been no other redemption than for the Italians, having secured the Adige, to have poured their conquering legions through the passes of the Alps, and to have afforded some breathing-time for Prussia to recover lost ground in her own provinces. To achieve these results, the Italians must put an army in the field which would swell that of Prussia to an amount quite equal to the combined force of her adversaries. But in every eventful campaign there is always some fate at work disabling the arm which threatens to achieve the utmost, and unveiling sources of weakness in quarters which

seemed to be invested with gigantic strength.

The Italians, notwithstanding their blustering preparations could not win a single inch of territory from their adversaries, while the Prussians found the forces of the enemy so charmingly arranged, as to secure for them an unexampled succession of easy victories. It is not saying too much, that had the disposition of the troops of Austria and her confederates been the work of Prussian agents, the soldiers could not have been more promptly conducted to capture or defeat. There was no plan or concert between them. Each expected the enemy upon its own soil, viewing its ally's destruction with indifference, and waiting to be cut down or dispersed in turn, whenever the Prussians found it convenient to take it in hand. The Hanoverians were surrounded at Neustadt, the Saxons driven out of Dresden, the Bavarians defeated at Kissingen, the army of the confederation dissolved into sheer air at Aschaffenberg, without the slightest effort on the part of any to rescue its neighbour from destruction, or to cause even a diversion in his favour. Such an idea as acting in concert never seems to have crossed their minds. As to Austria, who should have been the soul of the confederate body, infusing organization down to its minutest parts, she not only gave up her allies piecemeal to destruction, but made a generous sacrifice of herself at the same time. She allowed the Prussians to ride triumphant through the north and central parts of Germany, to occupy Dresden without a struggle, to seize the passes of Glatz and Nachod undefended (a blunder, which in the days of Frederic cost her Silesia), to pour the two great divisions of their army into her territory, through defiles where a handful of men might have overmatched a regiment, without planting a single vidette, and finally she allowed those divisions to unite on her front, and invited them to attack her in a position which was assailable both in flank and rear, and upon which the whole fortune of the conflict was staked. It would be too complimentary to the Austrian generals to say that a herd of reckless schoolboys would have managed matters much better, for a staff of drunken lunatics could hardly have managed matters worse. Yet at the opening of the campaign, the world heard nothing talked about except the great plans of Benedek, which were to annihilate the Prussian army long before it could possibly come up to the strength of the Austrian position. He was to win the day by strate-

gy alone. French commissioners who had arrived from Paris in a state of lively curiosity to look into the nature of these plans, were forbidden access to the camp where they lay shrouded in impenetrable mystery. Even newspaper correspondents were not admitted within the intrenchments, without first binding themselves under a form of ceremonial freemasonry to reveal nothing of anything they heard. Something grandiloquently awful was expected to instal the Croat in the palaces of Berlin. When the field of Sadowa had shown the moonshine of which these expectations consisted, Benedek, in answer to questions about his plans, averred he never had any, except the erratic one of fighting the Prussians whenever they happened to come his way, and as ill-luck would have it, he had been rather damaged in the collision. He was in the condition of Canning's knife-grinder, who rather damped the ardour of the curiosity he had excited as to the cause of his dilapidated condition by affirming—'Plans, Lor bless ye, I have none to tell, sir'—and he was dismissed by his employers, as speedily as Canning's hero after the revelation of his misfortune at the Chequers. The Austrians in front of an enemy rapidly advancing upon their capital, were obliged to change their commanders and reconstitute their army, and to give up Venice, while poor Benedek retired to shoot birds in Upper Istria, and console himself with bagging game for the reflection of having lost an empire.

The material advantages which resulted to Prussia from the effects of this campaign were hardly more signal than the moral advantages. At the commencement, the general feeling in this country was that the Prussians deserved to be worsted in the struggle. They had set public treaties at defiance: nay, were the real aggressors. Austria appeared as the champion of international right and of the past prerogatives of the Bund. Yet, when the independence of the minor States was overturned, and Vienna lay at the mercy of Berlin, hardly any one in these islands, except those interested in papal politics, wished to see the position of the parties reversed. The blundering stolidity of Austria and her allies, their supine remissness in matters affecting their dearest interests, proved their own incapacity to govern anything, quite as loudly as the vigilance and foresight of Prussia, the vigour and wisdom of her councils, the decision and promptitude of her action, proved her capacity to govern everything. Hence, when Prussia insisted, as

the price of her success, upon the exclusion of Austria from any future confederation of Germany, she only insisted upon her retiring from a post the duties of which she had proved incompetent to fulfil, and in which she could no longer continue to act without detriment to the radical constitution of things. When Prussia likewise decreed to annex or mediatize such of the minor States as either bordered, or interfered with the continuity of her frontiers, she simply enforced the principle that the prerogatives of the few must yield to the convenience of the many, and that a powerful State, endowed with an exquisite combination of material and intellectual strength, must of inevitable necessity absorb little States embedded in its territories, who possessed neither one nor the other.

Indeed, the independence of the minor States contiguous to Prussia was lost as soon as Austria was overthrown. They existed, like the little States of Europe, only by the jealousy of the great powers in their immediate vicinity. In fact, while the dualism between Prussia and Austria existed, these minor States were masters of the situation; for, by leaning to one side or the other in the Diet, they virtually decided which should for the moment have the supremacy in Germany. Those fatal Elbe Duchies, however, lured them to their ruin. By hastening on a crisis which left them no outlet of escape except by alliance with the weaker party, and by taking no steps to make that party competent to cope with its antagonist, they prepared for themselves the shroud and the winding-sheet from which there can be no resurrection, for no earthly power, after the influence of Austria was annihilated, could prevent their absorption in Prussia, any more than a ukase or rescript imperial could prevent the moon from tumbling to the earth after the opposing influence of the sun was withdrawn. The intervention of a foreign army might retard, but could not defeat the inevitable necessity, for Prussia, by generations of economic management, of teaching and drilling, of productive energy, combined with administrative skill, had endowed herself with the gravitating power necessary to incorporate every body which came within the whirl of her influence.

It is this very soundness of her administrative system which has enabled Prussia to achieve more results in a ten days' campaign than the great Frederick achieved throughout the period of a long and triumphant career. Austria was overcome in the battle-field, but Germany conquered in

the bureau. And if Austria was overcome in the battle-field, a century of good schools and prudent statesmanship had as much to do in securing the victory as the efficiency of her military service. In the results which followed from the victory they accomplished everything. If Prussia conquered Schleswig-Holstein for the Confederation, she had not, after Königgratz to conquer them for herself. The German residents were not dissatisfied at finding themselves members of the best-governed States in *Väterland*, rather than the weak dependents of a loose organization of autocrats. In the annexation of Nassau, Hanover, and Hesse-Cassel, Prussia had simply to hunt out the reigning princes. Their subjects seemed in no wise discontented with the change of masters. If Frankfort was obstreperous, it was because it lost its prestige as the seat of a confederation of sovereigns, and of the numerous embassies and legations accredited to it. But even the people of Frankfort, with far greater cause of umbrage than those of Turin at the transfer of the seat of the Italian government to Florence, did not fire upon the military. They went no further than to remonstrate at being fleeced for their adherence to the old order of things. With this single exception, as slight as it is transient, Prussia will become a compact State, connect her Westphalian provinces with the main body of her territories, and add a head to those territories abridging upon two seas, without causing a single murmur among the four millions of new subjects whom she has brought under her sceptre. Though for a year they are to be governed by Royal rescript rather than by Prussian law, they are likely to prove as Prussian to the backbone as if they had been integral portions of the new Empire from the dissolution of the Teutonic knights.

These results, startling in themselves, are but the prelude of others more startling still. This enlargement of empire is but the vestibule or approach to empire of far more imperial dimensions. The absorption of these five States with the Elbe Duchies is accompanied with the mediatisation of some score of others.* Prussia will take upon

herself the command of their military forces, the occupation of their garrisons, the performance of their diplomatic functions, the management of their telegrams and railways, and the regulation of their posts. Their coins also will be stamped in the mint of Berlin. In everything which touches their relations with the outlying world these States will be governed by Prussia. In everything which is confined to their internal organization, the police of their towns, the business of man with man, Prussia will generously concede to them complete liberty of action. The determining the manner of sweeping their streets, or the amount of imposts to be laid on their granaries for keeping their drains in order—these are matters about which Prussia will not concern herself. It is only when anything Royal is to be done; when muskets are to be fired, or any exhibition of force is to be made, that she insists upon the main wires of the machine being pulled from Berlin. The seventeen princes of these mediatised States, therefore, sink at once into mere prefects; the sovereigns of armies, who are to swear allegiance to their enemy, the wearers of the insignia of Royalty, with the limited functions of town clerks; such are the gentlemen who have actually consented in the school of nominal independency to prepare their subjects for final incorporation with Prussia. They have, in fact, allowed their subjects to be manacled not merely singly but collectively. To bind the united with the same iron bands as the individual interests of these mediatised States to Prussia, they are to return deputies to a grand northern confederacy, by separate scale, so graduated to their inhabitants as will enable Prussia to outvote them by five to one. Here, therefore, are twenty-one States, exclusive of three free towns, reduced at one stroke into subjection. Their autonomy is in the will, their military power in the hand, their industrial resources at the feet of Prussia. Instead of ruling over nineteen millions of scattered people, she will now rule over some twenty-nine millions of a consolidated people. Formerly she could place only 600,000 men upon a war footing; now she will be able to command a million.

But even this lordly stretch of Imperialism does not comprise the limit of the advantages gained by Prussia. She has not only gained the allegiance of those States immediately in contact with her frontiers,

naturally fall to Prussia as the possessor of Hanover; the Free States of Bremen, Lübeck, and Hamburg, making altogether a population of five and a half millions.

* Saxony with 2,343,944 inhabitants; Mecklenburg-Schwerin with 552,612 inhabitants; Saxe-Weimar with 280,281; Saxe-Meiningen with 178,065; Saxe-Altenburg with 141,839; Mecklenburg-Strelitz with 99,860; Saxe-Coburg-Gotha with 164,527; Oldenburg with 301,812; Anhalt with 193,046; Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen and Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt with 66,189 and 73,752; Reuss-Schleitz and Reuss-Greiz with 43,929 and 86,972; Schaumburg-Lippe with 31,382; Lippe-Deilmold with 111,336; Hesse-Homburg with 27,374. Then there is Brunswick which, as soon as the present old duke dies, will

but she has so divided those beyond, that their absorption is only a question of time or opportunity. She is, indeed, carrying out in Germany the tactics of the old Roman senate, which consisted in dividing outlying states, or setting them by the ears, as a prelude to mediatization, just as mediatization was a prelude to complete subjection. Nearly every Roman war ended with annexing states already prepared for that step by being divided one against the other. The three processes were perpetually going on, as if by force of some natural law, until the frontiers of the Roman Empire were confterminous with Caledonia in the north, and Parthia in the east. Divide, protect, absorb, was the policy by which the Roman Republic conquered the west, and by which Russia is gradually incorporating the east. Such is the policy by which Prussia, in a few years, has placed herself in a position to reduce the whole of the Teutonic race under her sway. So great has been the success already achieved, that she has been enabled to exclude Austria from all alliance with the States to the south of the Maine. She has given these States permission — such is the imperial language of Prussia — to form a little confederacy of their own, with Brunswick at their head, knowing full well that without Austria the members of the Southern Bund, with their eight millions of subjects, will be as impotent to resist the encroachments of Prussia, as a small dam-stream the inroads of the mighty ocean, whenever the two come into collision. That European diplomacy should have looked upon these changes with more or less of indifference; that it should have allowed Prussia to tear up treaties to which its seals had been affixed, without even one word of protest, is a fact entirely novel in history. For it is not merely the annexation of five innocuous states, or the mediatization of twenty others, or the dictating to, and the pulverizing of the rest which is at stake — though the power so acquired is far greater than any which has been ever achieved as the result of one campaign, but it is the fact that these changes are only meant to have one result, and that is, the placing of Prussia at the head of the greatest monarchy in Europe.

The great lever on which Prussia relies for lifting her to the topmost peak of imperial greatness is doubtless the convocation of deputies from all the Diets of Germany. A gathering of such deputies, in addition to the Northern Parliament, we already hear of as being about to take place at Berlin, to deliberate upon the best course to

adopt, considering the actual position of affairs, to insure the commonweal of Germany. Both the place of meeting and the subject alike point to one result as alone possible, — that Prussia will be invited, if not seemingly constrained, to permit the states south of the Maine to form one confederacy with their northern brethren, under her tutelage. The permission Prussia has accorded to these states to form a Bund of their own is somewhat analogous to that accorded at Villafranca, to the dispossessed princes of Central Italy, to return to their palaces. The princes, doubtless, are willing enough to enter into such a confederacy, but their subjects are as likely to assent to such an arrangement as the Modenese and the Tuscans were to have their ducal governors back again. In both cases there is the same desire for unity, the same consistent resolve to sweep away every barrier, whether in the shape of treaties, or kings which stands between them and their object. On the adoption of such resolution the southern states of Germany will fling themselves into the arms of Prussia, just as the central states of Italy flung themselves into the arms of Piedmont, with the simple difference, that a federal tie will be interposed, as a prelude to final annexation. The bundle of states now mediatized, those most saturated with Prussian ideas, will be annexed, in order to make room for the new postulants for mediatization. If even a German Parliament should not do her work, Prussia can easily accomplish the desired end, by means of liberal committees in those capitals of the Southern Bund which are most eager to amalgamate with Prussia. These liberal committees she may feed with money and ammunition until they are ripe for revolt, when her minister, like Cavour, in the case of Central Italy, will have nothing to do but open his arms to receive the subjects who have flung themselves into his embrace. But there is every probability that both instruments will be employed; — the secret committee, as an undermining agent, the Parliament, as the consummator of the plans it prepares.

The present situation of affairs, as defined by the treaty of Nickolsburg, and as patched up between Prussia and the minor powers is therefore the most unstable in the world. Even if Bismarck wanted to maintain it, the task would be beyond his strength. But he has openly avowed from the Prussian tribune, that the arrangement is only transitional, out of which something better must arise for Prussia and for Vaterland. It would indeed be odd if Bismarck invited his countrymen to accept of unity in a trin-

ity of powers having no inter-dependence on each other. The old confederation, with all its faults, imparted a sort of factitious unity to Germany. If it was not a union of people, it was, at all events, a union of princes, who represented the military strength of their States, if they stifled their political aspirations. But in the place of the old confederation we now get three powers, perfectly unrestricted as to their foreign alliances, and without the remotest relation with each other. The situation, therefore, would be anomalous, were it not for the Prussian key which interprets the whole position. Bismarck has not shivered a powerful confederacy into fragments without the intention of piecing together the dislocated parts under the ægis of the house of which he is the Minister. From unity of a low order, under the House of Hapsburg, he has led the German people into disunity, in order that they may reach unity of a higher order under the dynasty of the Hohenzollerns. It is the bit by bit process. The absorption of the whole thirty-five German states at once would be too much even for the digestion of Prussia. Were she also to attempt it European diplomacy might have a word to say upon the subject. She therefore moderately bolts twenty-five at a single meal, relying upon the favourable confirmation of events, to strike in for the remaining ten afterwards.

Prussia, in stopping where she did has been praised for her moderation; but the fact is, she has not checked herself until her work was virtually accomplished. It appears to be a new principle in politics not to do more to accomplish your ends than is sufficient to bring them up to that point so as to render their realization by the sheer force of circumstances a matter of absolute necessity. By this means extraneous diplomacy is disarmed, and invited to settle the matter quietly with the fates. This principle, so very astutely adopted by Cavour in his development of Italian unity, has now been adopted with still greater astuteness by Bismarck in his very portentous grasp after German unity. That minister, no less than Cavour, is perfectly alive to the fact, that the passion of his countrymen for a unified state, embracing the whole of Vaterland, is stronger than any instinct of his own nature. Liberty, wealth, municipal privileges, even social rank, he is prepared to sacrifice to attain it. Now in apportioning Germany, while bringing within her dominion the largest portion of its inhabitants, Prussia has made them more dissatisfied than ever with their condition.

She at the same time leaves them no possible chance of achieving their darling unity, unless by arranging themselves under her standard. The supremacy of Austria is impossible. Her condition is too rickety, her German population too weak and too few to prove a central point of attraction. The supremacy of the Southern Bund is likewise for the same reason impossible. But the supremacy of Prussia is not only possible, but an accomplished fact. With her great Northern Confederacy she will outnumber her two southern neighbours by a population of five to one. She also possesses a government of enormous vigour and activity, disencumbered by debts, and enthroned upon every wise law which modern science or experience has placed within her grasp. She, emerging from the recent conflict even fresher and more elastic than when she entered into it, while all her rivals are staggering and bleeding under her blows, alone offers to the disciples of German unity solid ground upon which they can plant their foot. Prussia, therefore, may, with an appearance of passive acquiescence, safely rely on the national spirit for the completion of the fabric she has partly reared. For she will be driven to place the roof on the edifice by the very necessities of the position. Frederic Wilhelm, like Victor Emanuel, will be able to say to remonstrating European diplomacy, if European diplomacy does remonstrate, 'You see, gentlemen, I cannot help myself. It is in vain to resist the crowd pushing me forward to eminence. I must either be trampled in the mire, or wear the imperial purple.' And to say the least of it, extraneous diplomacy is sadly at fault in keeping back its remonstrances until national pressure is irresistibly driving a man to the accomplishment of his wishes.

The idea of a national parliament as a means of extending her supremacy over the whole of the German race has long been a favourite idea with Prussia. If she has applied the instrument rather bunglingly before, it was on account of her defective experience, her want of military ascendancy, and the violent struggles of the extreme radical party to wrest it to their own purposes, who thought that unity meant something more than the aggrandizement of the House of Hohenzollern; just as in the case of the Mazzinists in Italy, who thought that unity meant something more than the mere aggrandizement of the House of Savoy. When the fall of Louis Philippe in '48 shook Germany to the centre, Prussia at once appealed to the public of the different

states to replace the old Diet by a national assembly.* Germany must have one executive, one federal flag, one 'commander-in-chief,' and a national fleet to make its name respected on the ocean. Prussia got the parliament, but did not get what she wanted through the parliament. The assembly went beyond her. In fact, it was the case of the engineer hoisted by his own petard. The presidency of its sittings was conferred on a radical scion of the House of Austria, its constitution was modelled after the fashion of a republic, the equivocal dignity of being its chief minister was made elective, and then its support was offered to Prussia only on condition of her adapting her institutions thereto.

In repudiating these insidious overtures, and with them the authority of the Frankfurt parliament, the Prussian King, in place of the old Diet, drew out a constitution for Germany which attached the dignity of the president of the empire irrevocably to the Crown of Prussia, and confined the power of initiating measures to a council in which his own creatures predominated. When this scheme failed for want of support, Prussia, still relying on her scheme of a national parliament, convened a meeting of deputies from all the states of Germany, to be held at Erfurt. But this summons being ignored by the larger states, Prussia failed to get together an assembly which had the slightest pretension to speak in the name of Germany. In 1848 she had the lever, but wanted the fulcrum. At Erfurt she wanted both lever and fulcrum, yet with the pertinacity of a man who has a tolerably clear idea of the instrument wanted for his purposes, Prussia did not abandon her idea of a national assembly, but on the next occasion of difference between her and the Diet, in reference to the Elbe Duchies, she audaciously appealed from its judgment, to a German parliament, in defence of a buccaneer act of state butchery and spoliation. By a dexterous manipulation of events, she obtained the fulcrum of military ascendancy before the lever, reversing her old course of proceeding; and she is now waiting only for the lever to be placed in her hands. This time she occupies a position in which she never was before, which will enable her to use that lever for the extension of the

Prussian flag from the banks of the Eider to the shores of the Adriatic.

As far as the Southern States are concerned the problem is in its last stage of solution; they are already in *articulo mortis*. Prussia has only to hold out her hand to pluck any fruit from the bunch she pleases, or to bag them altogether. When these are mediatized or annexed, the question will be with Austria, and with Austria alone. Even now, that State is thoroughly incompetent to prevent its German subjects from sending representatives to Berlin, and becoming the means of introducing Prussian laws and customs into one-fourth of its own dominions. If Prussia foregoes her claims to such deputies at present, it will be because she is anxious to build up the edifice of German unity by degrees, and to allow the structure to be completed by the spontaneous course of events rather than by her active intervention. But when she directs the government of thirty-three millions of German people, it would even be beyond her power, if she willed it, to prevent the fusion with the great mass, of the out-lying fraction of her countrymen. The force of the law of political gravitation would be so strong that no artificial power could resist it. But with Prussia scheming to bring it about, the fusion is pretty certain to occur precisely in the manner she wishes it, first by a federal tie, and afterwards by complete amalgamation. The Schleswig-Holstein interlude will be played over again, only upon a larger scale, with one of the oppressors in the former contest as the victim. Austria will be first told that no part of the empire can be united into a single State with countries not German; that a purely personal union connects her German provinces with Vienna, and that their real government must be at Berlin. This, in fact, is the real meaning of that clause in the treaty of Nikolsburg, which excludes Austria from all future concern with the government of the Germanic Empire. By signing that treaty Austria, in reality, has abdicated her sway over her German subjects, and made a free gift of the imperial crown and mantle, with all the territory appertaining thereto, to her great rival. She has laid herself open to the stroke which will pinion her German provinces to Prussia, and reduce her to a purely Slavonic power. Such stroke will be given with far more semblance of reason and propriety than that by which she severed the Elbe Duchies from Denmark. For as the acknowledged chief of the German people, Prussia will have a natural right

* 'Above all, we demand that Germany shall be transformed from a confederation of States into one Federal State. We acknowledge that in order to effect this, a temporary federal representation must be formed out of the Chambers of all Germanic States.'—*Royal Proclamation of Prussia, March 18th, 1848.*

to govern them upon whatever territory they exist. And since by the new code of international politics, the subjects of a kingdom have become the arbiters of their own destinies, Prussia will have little difficulty in convincing the world that in aggrandizing herself with their assent she is only accomplishing the sacred behests of Providence.

That these gigantic results in the very heart of Europe are being accomplished, that the colossal dream of Prussian ambition is being realized, without exciting further passion in surrounding States than if the princes of Germany were engaged in a game of quoits, is a fact of a momentous character. Upon former occasions the slightest concussion of arms on the Danube or the Rhine was the signal for a general appeal to the sword throughout Europe. The slightest crack in the structure of the German Empire generally brought the edifice to the ground, and where so many fragments were lying in a dislocated state, everybody thought he had something to gain by appearing in the *mêlée*. No sooner did warriors of Saxony measure swords with Tilly and Wallenstein, than France, Sweden, Spain and Savoy rushed to the encounter, thinking, in the same spirit which conducts plunderers to a wreck, that, where so much booty was floating about, a very handsome thing might be made out of the transaction. It was precisely the same spirit of cupidity, when Daun and the great Frederick were pitted against each other, which led the Emperor Paul and Louis XIV. to take part, and ultimately to change sides in the quarrel. In fact, when a musket was fired on the Rhine, the quarrel, like a Celtic row, went on multiplying itself until the whole of the New as well as the Old World was involved in the struggle. We, allured into the Sicilian wars by some miserable hope of annexing Bremen and Verden to our Hanoverian dominions, found France engaged on the opposite side, whom we persisted in fighting, upon the principle of seconds in an Irish duel, long after the principals in the combat had made up their dispute. But the interests for which Daun, or Maurice, or the great Frederick fought, though they set the world by the ears, were small in comparison with the tremendous stakes for which Prussia is playing, with the eyes of European ministers fixed upon her as indifferent spectators of the event. Why has a spark in previous instances excited a general conflagration, while in the present instance a flame of most portentous character can excite no conflagration at all?

The difference, doubtless, may partly re-

ceive some explanation from the new sphere which modern commerce has opened for the energies of governments; but the main solution of it must be sought in the advanced education of the people, and in the enlarged influence which public opinion consequently exercises through a Briarean-handed press, as well as through representative institutions, upon the main-spring of politics. The Greek destinies are not so great a myth as they may at first sight appear. There are certain inexorable laws in the moral as well as in the physical world, with which even crowned heads have at length thought it bootless to interfere, having after much profitless experience, gained a clear perception, that those laws only acquire greater force from the effort of resistance. One of these laws is, that people of the same race have the greatest affinity for each other; that it is totally impossible to keep such people asunder by factitious barriers under conflicting governments, which treat one section like Medean slaves and another like enlightened freemen. Another is that there is abundant progression in races either to decrepitude or vigorous adolescence, and that when these tendencies have resolutely set in, not all the bayonets in the world can resist the healthy growth of the one, or prop up the tottering steps of the other. The consequence of the public recognition of these principles is, that it is thought by both rulers and the ruled to be the wisest policy, to leave foreign nations to settle their own disputes among themselves, and to adopt whatever institutions are congenial to their tastes, provided these do not become a nuisance to their neighbours. These views have, in the present instance, been very much favoured by the peculiar situation of the great Powers. Spain weakened; Britain pacific; Russia too glad to have a strong barrier against France in Prussia, and a weak barrier in Austria against her own aggressions in the East, to support the ascendancy of that power in Germany; Italy, which formerly fomented German quarrels, by entangling them with some dozen quarrels of her own, only interfering in the dispute to secure Venice as a copestone to the edifice of her own country, — all these things gave uncontrolled action to the new principles of international policy which the favouring elements of society have thrown on the world. France alone, at the threshold of the dispute, with her hand on her sword, spoke about the necessity of a rectification of frontiers in the event of an aggrandized Prussia. But the French emperor, isolated, felt too weak to struggle

alone with the law of inevitable necessity. He therefore wisely refrained from sending his French legions, in the face of enlightened public opinion, to prevent forty millions of Germans from accomplishing their own destiny. Outwitted by Cavour in Italy, and foiled by Bismarck in Germany, he has, by the moral forces which these ministers have arrayed against him, been rendered incompetent to prevent the countrymen of either from rallying round the only government fit to give them liberty upon a constitutional basis.

The position of France with reference to Germany, in this struggle, is complicated by the interests of the Napoleonic dynasty, which, in the eyes of a belligerent nation, must doubtless have been weakened by the sacrifice of its military ascendancy, as well as by witnessing a great nation constitute itself upon its borders, and the note of hand which the minister of that nation paid as the price of French neutrality, return dishonoured to the Tuileries. To have opposed, however, the fulfilment of the obligation by an appeal to arms would have been to sacrifice the lives of thousands of men for a spot where forty cannot feed. For, of the coveted districts, those of Sarre Louis and Philippeville, were alone in Prussia's and Bavaria's power to yield. The two other towns, Landau and Luxembourg, which would have been required to restore to France the frontier she possessed in '89, were in the territories of Belgium and Holland. Where then was the use of expending upon a bootless expedition five times more than the wretched objects of it were worth? If Napoleon must have unsheathed the sword at all, it could only have been to maintain the *status quo* until something tangible could be clutched for his neutrality, or to have struck for the left bank of the Rhine. The adoption of the latter course would have arrayed against him the jealousy of most, and the armed hostility of some, of the European powers, in addition to the whole Germanic population, to a man. Could Austria have afforded to aid him in the struggle which would have risen, she would have been obliged to draft her regiments from her Slavonic frontiers. There can hardly be a doubt that the issue of such a struggle would have proved disastrous to France, besides aiding Prussia to realize with greater promptitude that scheme of genuine imperialism which she is now accomplishing by gradual annexations. The only question, then, is, whether it would have been more conducive to the interests of France to maintain the *status quo*, rather

than to have remained with folded arms a passive spectator of the establishment of a great empire on its frontiers which must place limits to its power.

The maintenance of the old state of things in Germany could be regarded as profitable to France, only upon the principle that a flourishing State always derives *prestige* from the weakness — as a wealthy individual from the poverty of his neighbours. It proceeds upon the assumption that there is only a certain amount of political power and riches in the world, and that where new claimants for these objects come into being, they can have their demands satisfied only by detracting from the stores enjoyed by the present possessors. But surely there is a great fallacy underlying this reasoning, which supposes there is a limit to political power and industrial wealth, and that such limit has been already attained. If a people acquire fresh strength by centralizing their energies, developing their resources, and opening out new fields of industry, the advantages thus acquired, instead of being a detriment, must prove eminently beneficial to their neighbours, by increasing the value of their exchanges, and by stimulating them to move more quickly along the path of political eminence. The accession of power thus acquired by a new State, instead of detracting from the *prestige* of its maturer neighbours, only enables them, by invigorating their energies, to maintain the same *prestige* from a higher platform of excellence. In this respect, the modern family of nations, interlaced as they are in a reciprocal network of interests, flourish to some extent simultaneously, like the branches of a tree: a weak member cannot have fresh vitality infused into it without increasing to a proportionate extent the strength of the whole. But this proportionate accretion of strength refers only to the sound elements, in a state, and by no means implies an increase in its standing armies, which are often a direct cause of its weakness.

The new organization of Italy and Germany confronts France with military levies, even superior to its own; but this limit to its fighting power is the very thing wanted to eradicate from the French mind the mediæval notion that the greatness of a nation must depend upon its power of bullying its neighbours. The old cabinets of France appear to have acted upon the assumption that their country had no internal resources; that its treasury could be enriched only by foreign plunder, for which purpose it was always of momentous importance to keep its

military supremacy, that it might be ready with numerous forces to pounce upon any country whose internal dissensions afforded it an easy opportunity of conquest. And these false ideas of increasing the greatness of their country by a menacing attitude have, unfortunately, become too deeply rooted in the minds of the present generation, from the military achievements of Napoleon. But what has all this stirring of armies, this movement of muskets, done for France? What advantage has she derived from her frequent invasions of Holland, her periodic raids into Italy, and her numerous aggressions on the Rhine? The tide of conquest has only advanced one day to be rolled back the next, until she has come, in this present year of grace, to have pretty nearly the same frontier that she had before she was haunted with the mad idea of dominating over Europe. With the exception of the deadly swamp of Algeria, we know of nothing that France has conquered, beyond her own territories, which she has been able to retain. Even the prize of her last military achievement, Mexico, is about to follow in the wake of all the others which have slipped from her grasp. What human force could do to interfere with the general law of national development, France has effected; but that general law has baffled all her efforts, which, as if directed against the rock of inexorable destiny, have only recoiled on herself. Even when her military strength was directed by the genius of Napoleon, the empire he constructed was but for a day. The fates again rose up, and persisted in confining France within her old limits. But now, when his nephew is restored to the throne, for the purpose of resuscitating that empire, he is driven by the course of events, even in the zenith of his power, to become an agent in raising up barriers against the encroachments of his country, stronger than those which his uncle's enemies constructed when France lay bleeding at their feet.

If France, therefore, has gained nothing by her military ascendancy, we do not see that she has anything to lose by forfeiting it. But in no other point of view can the recent changes in Italy and Germany cause any diminution of her powers; while the fresh accessions of wealth which must accrue to these nations from their improved organizations must overflow their boundaries, and pour a new stream of riches into the treasuries of France. There will also be the advantages resulting from mutual rivalries between the three nations, not in the battle-field, but in the fruitful paths of

commerce and the arts; where the exchanges will not be in the shape of mutual wounds but of reciprocal profit, and where if any ascendancy be acquired it can be based only upon the general prosperity. There can then be little doubt that the real interests of France will be benefited by the change. For the series of advantages attending the new is still further enhanced by the series of disadvantages attending the old state of things. What France will gain from a united Italy, and a united Germany, may be counted in increased argosies, in overflowing exchequers, in the augmented refinement of her cities, and in the multiplied comforts of her population. But what she has lost from a fractionized Italy and Germany can be computed only by years of energy misapplied in fruitless struggles for their dislocated territories, by hecatombs of subjects slaughtered to no purpose, by millions of treasures wasted in equipping armies, either to gain fruitless victories or to be beaten back to their homes.

Whatever disasters France may have to suffer, in the opinion of her Orleanist statesmen, from a united Italy and a united Germany, these can hardly be worse than the wounds she has been led to inflict unwittingly on herself in the fatal enterprises in which the dismembered state of these countries has led her to embark. With the forces of Italy and Germany lying in compact masses upon her frontiers, such enterprises would have been impossible in the past. There is, then, so much gain for France, in being secured against such mad expeditions in future. But there is likewise gain of a very positive character, even so far as herself is concerned; for when an unquiet nation, like France, cannot employ its energies in an evil direction, it is forced by the very restlessness of its nature upon good paths. The mere fact that Italy and Germany possess political organizations as strong and vitalised as her own, is the best gauge which Europe can receive that France will abandon her besetting sin of military glory, and employ her energies, not in constructing magazines and in butchery, and in making periodical forays in quest of plunder among her defenceless neighbours, but upon the peaceful arts, which she is as well qualified to cultivate for the improvement of mankind as she is the warlike, for their destruction.

For ourselves, who have no interests on the continent but those that are in unison with the progress of humanity, we cannot but be satisfied at the results which have been so far realised, notwithstanding our

disgust at the chicanery and the coolness employed in bringing them about. With France accepting her Prussian rebuff with patience; eating her leek in humiliation, while the Emperor lectures her upon the advantages of the position as the very state of things which his uncle desired to bring about; with a united Italy; with Austria excluded from Germany; with a population of 29,000,000 directly or indirectly brought under the government of Prussia, and a prospective addition of some 22,000,000 more as a certain result, all these are an index that European State organisations are developing themselves after natural laws of brotherhood and fraternity, that must redound to the general weal. If it were only for the settlement of the Austro-Italian quarrel, there would be much cause for gratulation. But in addition to this, there is the sacrifice of French ascendancy upon the continent, the cooping up of that effervescent people within their own boundaries by barriers far stronger than those erected at Vienna, because they are natural and not factitious; there is the promise of a compact German state, which will give Europe as little cause of uneasiness in its external relations, or as little cause for interference in its internal affairs, as Great Britain has done for the last 100 years, or is likely to do for 100 years to come. Now, there is no nation on the continent to whom we would accede more readily the government of such a state than Prussia, because there is no other which has displayed more aptitude for directing the energies of large masses of people to useful ends; more skill in reconciling the greatest liberty of individual action with the loftiest requirements which can be exacted from its subjects by a state; more generosity in sharing with those subjects the sacrifices demanded, or supporting the burdens which are imposed for the good of the community. The welfare of the state is so identified with that of the subject, that a man cannot perform the duties he owes to the Government without advancing his own interests, just as he cannot discharge the duties he owes to himself without advancing those of the common weal. We have no fears at beholding Prussia take her place in the vanguard of political power, because she is already in the vanguard of civilization. She is the only country which has obtained empire without contracting debt, or which can maintain the ascendancy of a great military nation at the expenditure of a small one, because she has solved the problem of the maximum of political strength with the minimum of standing armies.

Even the men whom she has under arms, she makes the best behaved portion of the community, by turning them into the most industrial. Looking at these results, we are half inclined to endure the infamy with which Prussia has covered herself in rising to her present pitch of greatness. We welcome the advent of Prussia to the front rank, not with unmitigated paeans of gladness, but just as we would welcome the advent of a man who has achieved greatness by means which, if generally followed, would be highly prejudicial to society, but who is content to spend what he has plundered from individuals upon advancing their corporate prosperity.

For it cannot be overlooked, whatever advantages Prussia has bestowed or may be destined to bestow upon Europe, that the example she has more recently set of the wanton infringement of the law of nations, her utter scorn of treaties when they stood in the way of her selfish purposes, her masking of private cupidity under the cloak of patriotic ends, has introduced further lawlessness of action into international statecraft, and inclined each kingdom to its own selfish ends, irrespective of its past engagements or its present obligations.

Russia, seeing that no regard is paid to treaties, that each nation is allowed to follow whatever course is conducive to its interest, has openly avowed that it also feels itself, in the promotion of its own designs, as unshackled as its neighbour. Now this silence, with the guns of Candia booming in our ears, is a harbinger of future mischief, not less to be attributed to the success of Prussian spoliation, than to our indifference as to whatever State should turn up the trump card on the Continent. We have openly avowed, or at least the present ministry have done so for us, that we have no concern with the political transformations on the European Continent, but that quite secure in our rock-built isle, we are alone concerned with the guardianship of our Indo-Colonial dependencies. This appears to us only a general invitation to any European State which harbours mischief, to carry its plans into effect without the slightest prospect of armed intervention on our part, even where we are bound to interfere, not merely by moral obligations, but by the solemn stipulations of treaties. Now, though the English nation may permit evil to be done, when certain good is to result from it, we cannot think it desirable to permit evil to be done where our interests are concerned, when greater mischief is certain to result from it. To act up to the full extent

of the doctrine of non-intervention would be as effectually to shut ourselves out from European, as Austria has excluded herself from German confederacies; for our presence therein would not be of the slightest account, if it be trumpeted forth that there is no possible readjustment of European territory, no matter by what means brought about, which would warrant us in unsheathing the sword. But even apart from our special interests, we have an interest, in company with all well-meaning States, in the general preservation of peace, and in punishing any maurauder who endeavors to interrupt the general harmony for the gratification of his own rapacious purposes. Instead, therefore, of abandoning the field of European politics at this turning-point in a new era of diplomacy, it behoves us to enter into those alliances which will enable us

to resist lawless aggression, to build up an equitable system of federative law in Europe, and to assist the development of nationalities upon the basis of representative institutions. We have long since made the advancement of our material interests one of the vital constituents of modern progress. France is also rapidly acquiring the conviction that she can have no prosperity apart from the European common weal. Unity of ends ought to inspire mutual confidence and support. If the newly-constructed nationalities will act in unison with two such powerful nations, a confederacy of European States would no longer be a chimera, but a reality, which would render war only a remote possibility, and disencumber modern communities of those vast armaments which are a disgrace to their civilization.

SURF.

SPLENDOURS of morning the billow-crests
brighten,

Lighting and luring them on to the land —
Far-away waves where the wan vessels whiten,
Blue rollers breaking in surf where we stand,
Curved like the necks of a legion of horses,

Each with his froth-gilded mane flowing free,
Hither they speed in perpetual courses,
Bearing thy riches, O beautiful sea!

Strong with the striving of yesterday's surges,
Lashed by the wanton winds leagues from
the shore,

Each, driven fast by its follower, urges
Fearlessly those that are fleeing before;
How they leap over the ridges we walk on,
Flinging us gifts from the depths of the sea —

Silvery fish for the foam-hunting falcon,
Palm-weed and pearls for my darling and
me!

Light falls her foot where the rift follows after,
Finer her hair than your feathery spfay,
Sweeter her voice than your infinite laughter —
Hist! ye wild couriers, list to my lay!
Deep in the chambers of grottos auroral
Morn laves her jewels and bends her red
knee:

Thence to my dear one your amber and coral
Bring, for her dowry, O beautiful sea!

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

— *Public Opinion.*

[CHAPTER XXXIII.]

KENNETH QUITE HIMSELF AGAIN.

It was a second or two before any other sound broke on Maggie's obstreperous sobbing, and then it was only a very feeble little chirp of sympathy from Lady Charlotte, who, trembling excessively, and locking her hand in that of her daughter, kept repeating, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear me! Oh, goodness! People really should not be so rude to people."

Kenneth, struck and stung, and conscious only that some dreaded exposure was taking place, just as he had been secretly exulting in the satisfactory blindness of his foreign wife to his mother's vulgarity; taking place, too, before all the gathered friends of his house and better kindred — flushed with wine, and always ungovernable in temper, strode forwards, and, grasping one of Maggie's large white arms (to which, as she continued to sob, he gave an impatient shake), delivered himself of the brief adjuration —

"Be quiet, mother; quiet, will you."

Then Lady Ross spoke; with that expression so rare in her soft countenance, which Sir Douglas remembered in the days when little Zizine was ill, and some ridicule seemed cast on Lady Charlotte's lamentings; an expression of reproach and command. "Kenneth, Kenneth Ross!" was all she said to him, but the tone spoke volumes. Then, rising, while she still pressed the weak slender hand of her own mother, she turned to the cause of all this disturbance, and added, in a low tone, "Lady Clochnaben, this was worse than rude; it was cruel."

"So saying, she unlinked her hand from Lady Charlotte's, and, coming forward to Maggie, she said gently, addressing no one in particular, — "Mrs. Ross Heaton has had a great deal to agitate her lately, though some of the events" (and she smiled round at the beautiful Spaniard) "have been very pleasant ones. We mustn't wonder at a little fluctuation of spirits, and the room is very hot; I am afraid of giving Donna Eusebia cold, or I would open a window; but we will take a turn in the conservatory instead."

She was leading Maggie away, half sullen and half ashamed, when the tall black velvet figure barred her passage with a sort of mocking farewell —

"You'll scarcely expect me to stay, Lady Ross, though you did me the honour to invite me, without mentioning very particularly who were to be your company. I'll not interfere with your care of Mistress Maggie Heaton. She looks, indeed, in very delicate health!"

And, without noticing Maggie's interruption, — "Oh! don't begin clawin' and scratchin' again at me, ye great grim long-tailed black cat," — she added, "I'm quite aware that you would not wish to offend Mr. Kenneth; indeed you've a good deal owing to that young man, if all neighbours' tales are true; and

those that can't walk straight must just step crooked, that's my dictum; only I'd rather not be by while all's going on that is to go on here, I suppose, now he's come back again."

"Douglas, will you order Lady Clochnaben's carriage, while Mrs. Ross Heaton and I gather some myrtle in the conservatory!" said her hostess.

The sweet voice was neither raised nor lowered. Lady Clochnaben's words might have been drops of hail pattering against the window pane, for any apparent effect they produced on Gertrude.

Nor did she seem even conscious of the sudden stare of Maggie's eyes when Kenneth was so oddly mentioned. Only, as she gathered the sprig of myrtle, and her thoughts flew back on its pleasant aromatic odour to the Villa Mandorlo, and the "pergola" high above the blue Bay of Naples, she sighed to think that Lorimer Boyd called such a woman "mother!"

Maggie heard the sigh, and saw the abstracted eyes, and set the sigh down to a more obvious cause. In her opinion the sigh was for Kenneth; and Gertrude was very properly punished for jilting him, even by such insulting remarks as had been made by the long-tailed spiteful dowager in black velvet; and, though she thought Kenneth had done much better for himself in marrying such a beauty (with such a heap of jewels) as Donna Eusebia, still she felt a certain ignorant bitterness against the woman who had, in her opinion, been the cause of his long alienation from home, and from her own society at Torrieburn.

But Dowager Clochnaben's conduct was not to be the only wonder of that evening.

When the two ladies returned to the rest of the company, the scene which had taken place seemed really almost effaced. The great crimson room was spacious enough to have made it difficult to hear gaunt Lady Clochnaben's farewell speech, even if they had carefully listened. But no one was attempting to listen, or attending to that dowager's departure. The men guests were most of them a little "flustered" by the quantity of wine they had taken in honour of many toasts. Kenneth and one or two others were more than half drunk. Handsome Monzies of Poldoch and Craigievar was entirely absorbed in the notice taken of him by the radiant Spaniard. No one clearly understood, or very much cared, what had occurred; and it was quite easy to accept the solution that Mrs. Ross Heaton had been in nervous spirits, and had taken something amiss that was not intended to be so taken. Quiet was restored, and social converse, not grave but gay. Glass after glass of curacao and marschino, imbibed by way of *chasse café*, added to the feverish flush on Kenneth's cheek, and to the careless merriment of others. Then Donna Eusebia, — having duly rested in attitudes of the most piquant grace, and of the most astonishing and shifting variety, — was called upon to sing; and, after much pretty reluc-

tance, the party being so "big," and she "but a poor stranger with a small little talent," consented; and went through all those sweet varieties of melancholy passion and martial animation, and tiny stamps and long-drawn "Ays," from the first sighing modinha to the last rapid bolero in her *répertoire*; while Monzies of Poldoch's nascent moustache positively trembled with admiration, and Kenneth watched this new effect of his wife's music with the haughtiest displeasure. Gertrude sang too. Lovely and sweet was her voice; pure and perfect the style; nimble the white fingers that wandered familiarly among the ivory keys without requiring written music. But what was the use of any one singing when Donna Eusebia was by? Unless, indeed, to rest that most fascinating warbler, and enable her to consider what next she would do to dazzle, enchant, and madden. At length even her amazing stock of treasures in the musical way seemed exhausted. "I can no more, and I have no more," she said; and looked up with a smile at the listening Monzies, who felt as if those dark liquid eyes had fluttered over him, settled upon him, and covered him up with warm folded wings.

"Oh yes, you have more," exclaimed Kenneth. "A beautiful thing; two beautiful things; that 'Mexican Mountaineers' Hymn,' or whatever you call it, and the 'Lament of Matamoras.'"

But they both required a different sort of accompaniment, she said: she was accustomed to play them on the guitar while her cousin played the pianoforte; they were nothing without that. The bells of the mules in the mountain-pass must be imitated on the piano, while the hymn of the mountaineers was sung to the guitar. Besides, there should be a man's voice also. The hymn was poor without that. Kenneth might remember it was always sung so by her cousin, the Duc de Martos, at Granada.

Then occurred the second startling event of the evening. Mr. James Frere—who had been sitting very quietly by Miss Alice Ross in a distant corner—rose from his place, and gravely proffered his assistance.

Did he know the "Hymn of the Mexican Mountaineers?"

Yes; he believed so. If it was the same: if she would pardon his awkwardness. And Mr. Frere ran his meagre fingers very lightly over the keys, playing the air *en sourdine*.

Yes, certainly; that was it; that would do perfectly. Did he also know the "Lament of Matamoras?"

He thought he did. He was no musician, but these were remarkable national airs, and he had heard them very often from a very interesting young friend; in fact, a young American missionary: a very pious and amiable person, since dead. He only proposed his services that others might not be disappointed of the wonderful pleasure of hearing Donna Euse-

bia; imperfect services, but he would do his best.

And forthwith the performance commenced.

If Mr. James Frere spoke truth when he said he was no musician, he must have had great ability for learning by ear. No fault could be detected in his playing; the voice, so melodiously strong in his preaching, gave now the impression of ski-fully-subdued strength, and of an attentive calculation how to leave all the effects of the song to the lovely Spaniard. Never, for one semiquaver of time, did Mr. Frere seem to forget that he was merely singing, "that others might not be disappointed of the wonderful pleasure of hearing Donna Eusebia!"

She felt it. She looked at him, when the hymn was concluded, with a long gaze of searching curiosity. That "high-born Spanish ladie" was by no means shy. She did not pretend to be shy. She looked him over, from the crown of his obsequious head, past that odd scar on his hand, to the tips of his finger-nails, as she had looked over many other specimens of the same sex; a sex created to admire, obey, and entertain her. And having so perused him, she looked up at Kenneth with a smile, resting her white teeth on the top of her fan, and murmured, in Spanish,—"He says he is no musician; but that is a little fib. He is a *fingidor*."

And Mr. Frere answered (also in Spanish), that what he had stated was true. That he had not studied music; that he played *almost* entirely by ear; that he had no time for such studies. His occupations were too serious; too absorbing; he should consider it *wrong* to indulge himself in the pursuit of music. He had not sung for a very long period "till that evening."

During the greater portion of this performance, the Italian Giuseppe had been waiting for a pause to advance and obey the impatient signal of Kenneth for more liqueur. His attention was now so riveted on the male performer, that Kenneth at last angrily noticed it, with a "*Cosa c'è?*"

Only that Giuseppe had seen that signore before, somewhere: he could not recollect where; but certainly somewhere he had seen him, and heard him sing.

And, in spite of Kenneth's cross laugh, and observation that there was nothing very extraordinary in the fact, even if it were so, Giuseppe kept puzzling his simple brain where and when he had seen this English stranger.

There was something unsatisfactory in his recollection of the man; but he could not clearly made out what it was. Only of one thing he was quite certain, he did not now see Mr. James Frere for the first time.

Meanwhile, much praise was bestowed on that individual; and to the question of frank Sir Douglas, why he had never allowed his friends to know of his talent before, Mr. Frere replied, with much simplicity, that no one had ever asked him if he could sing; adding, with

a gentle sigh, that he had already given his reasons why, in his position, it was not a talent he could desire to cultivate. As to his knowledge of the Spanish language, it was very limited. He had tried to make himself conversant with most modern languages, not knowing where Providence might lead him in the career he had desired to embrace. The usefulness of a missionary's labours would be much impeded if his ignorance of all tongues but his own prevented communion with such as might most need his ministry when abroad.

And then Mr. Frere vanished once more into the background, and resumed his place by Alice Ross.

But Alice sat pale and silent, and gave no sign of welcome.

Presently Maggie rose with a yawn and a stretch, and, expressing her opinion that it would be far more "couth and cosey" if Kenneth would come at once to Torrieburn, and that she had no doubt "Donna Euseebie" would find things well enough "sorted" there, without further trouble—and at all events "auld cats in black velvet" would not be able to intrude unasked and crow over her—took her son's arm, and, bidding a rather sulky farewell to the rest of the party, departed.

When Kenneth returned from putting her into the carriage, the heated angry look which had been deepening in his face was fiercer than before. No doubt poor tactless Maggie had been saying to her wayward son whatever was least fitted for the occasion. He cast a restless glance at his Spanish bride, who was coquetting with all the might of her eyes and fan with Monzies of Craigievar: advanced towards them: muttered something about "coxcombs in fancy dresses," with a scornful glance at the extremely decorated belt and dirk of that dandy of the hills: and bluntly interrupting Donna Eusebia, told her he thought she had better follow his mother's example, and say good-night to the company.

At first Donna Eusebia smiled, and said "her eyes were not sleepy, and she would not shut up the poor things in the dark against their will." But, when a hurried sentence or two had been spoken by Kenneth with increasing irritation, she also flashed fire. The eyes that were not sleepy seemed positively to expand with anger, and the tiny foot beat with a rapid, tremulous, passionate beat on the ground. Kenneth turned from her, and spoke to the young Highlander; what he said was not very clear, but the tone of isolation was what no man could brook. He was answered with equal pride and impatience. Sir Douglas saw and heard nothing of what was passing, for he was deep in some colloquy with one of the soldier Forbeses; but Gertrude was observing them. She came rapidly forward. "Mr. Ross! Kenneth!" was all she said; but she said it in the same tone that had offended him before during that evening. He laughed bitterly. "Now that is prime," he said, with a thick drunken utterance. "You think, because I was once

so fond of you that you could have twisted me round your finger, that you're to govern me all my life! No such thing, my dear aunt! (You're my dear 'aunt' now, you know.) If my dear uncle had not much authority in old days (as, indeed, why should he?), a dear aunt shouldn't attempt—shouldn't attempt—to—to tyrannize. I don't want to quarrel with Monzies," added he, with a tipsy smile, "he's a good fellow, and I'm ready to shake hands with him—to shake hands; it's women that are in fault. All women. They're all alike; all d——d coquettes. You were a coquette; and Eusebia's a coquette; and I daresay Alice—Aunt Alice—she's a coquette, too—for all she's so demure—and"—

The drunken speech was apparently arrested by the quiet approach of the last-named object of animadversion. A noiseless gliding step had brought pussy-cat Alice close to the group. It is impossible to describe the expression of her eyes while watching Kenneth; amusement, malice, curiosity, and a set determination, were so blended in their half-shut gleaming. Behind her stood Mr. Frere. Something in their silent contemplation of him checked Kenneth, and recalled him a little to himself.

"Are you two gifted with second sight, and looking at some vision of the future?" he said, with a sneer.

"I am," answered Alice Ross, quietly; and the odd little smile crept round her thin mouth, and left it.

Mr. Frere turned away with a pious sigh, and crossed the spacious room to the corner where Sir Douglas was engaged in military gossip with his elder guests.

"Good-night, Mr. Monzies," Gertrude said, as she held out her hand to him. "Do not sit late with Kenneth, discussing the naughtiness of woman, and," added she, with rather a nervous smile, "do not either of you forget that this was a meeting of friends."

The young man bowed low over the gentle hand extended to him; and Donna Eusebia rose, in answer to the still gentler beckoning which summoned her rebellious eyes to sleep. She shrugged her shoulders with a departing glance of anger at Kenneth, and passed up the great staircase with Alice and her hostess sister-in-law.

Very late—long after the last wheels had passed down the approach, bearing away the non-resident guests—Gertrude was startled by hearing the voice of Kenneth once more in anger. She had not slept. She could not sleep. She had heard him come up the stairs and along the corridor with the heavy, stumbling, irregular step of an intoxicated man. Then a stillness. Then the inexplicable sounds of angry speaking, and something more—stamping, or shaking of a door; she could not make out what. All of a sudden a great crash. Gertrude could scarcely repress a scream. "Oh Douglas!" she said, something has happened! Kenneth—Kenneth had a quarrel—I—I fear"—

She listened again; doubtful, wondering; for now she thought she could distinctly hear a woman's voice. Sir Douglas opened the dressing-room door, and passed down the corridor.

At the door of her own room stood Lady Charlotte, quaking with fear.

"It is Kenneth," she said; "he is very angry. He has burst in the door."

"What door?"

"The door of his room, I think. That is all; only it frightened me so."

Sir Douglas returned to his wife.

"Kenneth is not sober," he said with a sigh.

"I suppose he could not turn the handle of his door. He has forced it; that was the sound you heard. I am so vexed, my love, that you were startled out of your sleep!"

Gertrude said nothing. She partly guessed what had happened, and her conjecture was confirmed in the morning by Lady Charlotte, who narrated — with many agitated pulls at the long curl which assisted in all her emotions — how she had heard Kenneth desire Donna Eusebia to open the door that led into his dressing-room. How the Donna had replied she would never see him again, and meant to leave the castle at daylight. How, after further parleying for a minute or two, there was a dead pause, and then a crash, and then Kenneth's voice in the inner room, "dreadfully angry;" and many angry answers and weeping; and then his voice apparently apologizing, and excusing what he had done.

"And oh! my darling, it did so remind me," said poor Lady Charlotte, "of that dreadful day, you know, at Villa Mandorlo, when he threatened to kill Sir Douglas, and would insist on your loving *him* instead, and all that! And I can't think why he can't be contented now, and not behave like — like a corsair — or something dreadful. But I'm very glad it isn't you! I mean, that you are not married to him. And one comfort is, that I should think his wife was very brave; she looks brave. There *was* once a Spanish woman who fired off a cannon, you know. The Maid of — of Saragossa, she was called. And I believe they are all very daring. I'm sure Donna Eusebia seemed to me as if she would mind neither swords nor pistols. She gives me that idea. Such a slender creature, too! But that's no rule. She wouldn't mind the Grand Turk I'm sure she wouldn't!"

"Well," said Gertrude, with a sigh and a smile; "let us hope she will not mind this outrage either. Say nothing of it to Sir Douglas. He only thinks Kenneth Ross got drunk — as usual."

Nothing of it to Sir Douglas!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MR. FRERE DISPLAYS ANOTHER TALENT USEFUL ON MISSIONARY STATIONS.

It was not without some little echo of her mother's trepidation that Gertrude watched for

the entrance of Kenneth Ross and his wife at breakfast that morning.

The *esclandre* of a parting, in the very midst of bridal festivities; what a climax to that wayward young man's affairs!

But no such catastrophe was impending. When the newly-married couple re-appeared — which they did at separate intervals, Kenneth lounging in long after the usual breakfast-hour — no trace of the stormy scene of the previous night remained. It might have been an evil dream, for any symptom even of its recollection apparent in the two persons principally concerned.

Kenneth had obviously been forgiven. Probably his bride had had previous opportunities of judging what effect excess of drinking would have on his conduct. She even, to Gertrude's intense amazement, alluded to it with the pretty playful coquetry of manner, and sweet broken English, of which she so well knew the charm. It was a question "what should be done" that morning; and it was agreed that no shooting or separation of parties should take place. They were all to take boat, and row or sail down the lake, and dine picnic at "the Hut;" a little edifice of stone walls and heather roof, begun by Old Sir Douglas and his brother when they were boys, aided by the keeper.

There, flushed and lovely, they had lifted logs of odorous lately-chipped fir-branches; and stretched their strenuous young arms to build and contrive; panting always to return to the delicious employment, in the midst of carelessly-learned lessons at Glenrossie, and home coercion, such as it was. There, the beloved little rough dogs, afterwards hung by their cold-blooded step-mother, had fuzzled and rustled among the brown autumn leaves, feeling called upon to partake the excitement though they could not share the employment of their masters; and sympathizing thoroughly in the opinion of the latter, that the greater the bustle the greater the joy. Poor little Jock and Beattie! Before that dreadful hanging day, how many days of delight had they shared! What kindly pats and invitations had they received to share bits of oatcake and potatoes roasted in the hut (tasting terribly of burnt resinous wood); while their masters added to that simple festival, alas! "just a wee, wee drappie" of mountain dew, sipped from the keeper's flask, ever replenished with a fiery nectar, which, like the potatoes, had been prepared in some wild mountain hole, where the tax of the excise-officer had never been levied.

Days of boyhood and castle-building on the earth (not yet the vain vanishing of manhood's castles in the air), how sweet and precious are ye, even in the after times!

Oh! little huts, and bowers, and play-places, — by many a mountain-lake and rush-fringed stream, or wild sea-shore, or in the depth of mellow autumn woods, — does no ghost haunt you? no sweet Egeria dwell there, giving perpetual invitations to return to the peace and innocence, the complete beliefs and holy igno-

rance, which were our own in those days? Where are the echoes of those young voices, whose every sound of common calling was like a glad triumphant shout? Where is the dancing light of youthful eyes, that flashed eagerly radiant and clear as stars; eyes that knew no heaviness, and whose tears were shed in such brief showers? Where are ye, young companions, close-knit ties, sportive inhabitants of a paradise where sorrow endured for a day, and joy came with the morning; where the lament for irrevocable loss, and the long dreary alienation of maturer quarrels, were alike unknown? Return to us—return! Return! stream of life with the sparkle on it, from a light that no longer shines!

It cannot be. As well ask for the harebells that waved in the mountain breeze in some long-forgotten spring; the foxglove that grew by the woodland bower, and smiled down on the autumn fern, where now, perhaps, stands some busy wayside inn, thronged and crowded!

But this one bower—of the thousands that lie scattered about, sadder than tombs, among the play-places of forgotten generations—had been carefully tended through all days of external change. Kenneth of Torrieburn had first repaired it, and made a fishing-lodge of it,—for love of absent Douglas, his Eton brother, his soldier brother, his brother far away! Sir Douglas had had it afterwards sacredly kept, for love of the dead brother he had loved so well. Little Kenneth the orphan had been taken to it as to a haunt of memory and love; and there often had Sir Douglas told how the father he could not remember had helped to build it. And in these latter times Gertrude saw to the re-thatching with heather in bloom, and fresh fir-supports, of that simple edifice; sacred to the past, when "Old Sir Douglas" was a blooming boy!

It was still, what it was then,—a favourite haunt of the dwellers in Glenrossie; and many a day the silence of the sweet rocky shore was broken by voices—there, and "in the broomy knowe under the birken trees," where poor Maggie Heaton, in the days of her girlish beauty, listened to Kenneth's father—and fell.

A merry day now they had on that placid shore; and it was on their landing that the beautiful Spaniard gave utterance to the speech which so surprised Gertrude, as containing a gayer allusion than she would have thought possible to Kenneth's unhappy vice of drunkenness.

Of the three boats containing the party, Kenneth's touched the shore first, steered by the Neapolitan Giuseppe, who had become a sort of necessity of life to that spoilt child of fortune.

He handed out his bride, who, touching lightly with her thinly-shod little foot on the landing-board, looked up at the rustic *fuca* where her own name and the word "Bienvenida!" had been woven in rich colours with dahlias and hollyhocks intermingled with flowering myrtle.

"Ah!" she said, "that is my own little

house, my *descansadero*, a *palomár* for Kenneth and me. Now, walk into my 'habitacion' straight, very straight, moch straighter—than you could have walk last night, or I will make a very angry *ama di casa*." And drink no drink but the lake water, and that only 'with your eyes,' like the pretty song of your English poet. For into my 'palomár' shall come only loving birds; no 'solterón,' no stupid old bachelor, nor tipsy man; in this sunshine shall not even the 'sombraje' of such a one be allowed—only the young, the gay, the handsome,—and Sir Douglas!

The coquettish flash of the large dark eyes at young Craigievar during the first words of the concluding phrase was lost in the merry laugh of all, at the pause which preceded Sir Douglas's name. He smiled.

"You cannot, at least, make me an exception as an old bachelor," said he, gayly; "so let all the boat's crew land, and sit outside Donna Eusebia's '*descansadero*,' for I am sure inside there will only be room for the ladies."

The day was beautiful; the tempers of all as cloudless as the sky; and the little exaggerated order to drink "only water," very slightly infringed upon by the general company; while the poet's line,

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,"

was certainly very strictly obeyed by young Monzies, if by no one else.

But, though Eusebia was coquettish as ever (for, indeed, it was not in her nature to be otherwise), her coquetties were reserved for Kenneth, with very isolated exceptions. That crumb of notice when she landed, and spoke of "the young and handsome," was all she vouchsafed to the admiring Highlander that day; or rather that morning, for she relapsed a little, going home by the boat in the early moonlight. She did what many coquettes do, with an assurance and an *aplomb* perfectly amazing,—she seemed to forget the very existence of the man she had chatted with so eagerly and familiarly the night before; to be unconscious that he was there; or, at least, that his being there was at all a matter that concerned her. The beautiful eyes sent their glances about like shooting stars; but with the same effect of meteoric distance. She looked across him, and up over his head and beyond, and past his shoulder, and at the sprig of white heather that lay by his plate, but never at him, as she had done the previous evening. At which change Craigievar was a good deal nettled and troubled, but only held his beardless chin a little more proudly and stiffly, and addressed his conversation chiefly to his host Sir Douglas, and Gertrude, without intruding on Eusebia.

After luncheon, a climbing walk along delicious paths shaded by birch trees and full of fairy knolls, with glimpses ever-varying of the silver lake and far-away mountains, with the one rocky crag conspicuous in the foreground

on which Clochnaben Castle was built, employed their time; and they returned to the "descansadéro," where was blazoned forth in flowers the foreign bride's name, without a thought that could mar the genial gaiety of the day.

Donna Eusebia, indeed, was so full of frolic and effusion, that she turned and took a personal farewell of the hut; kissing the fir-wood lintel posts under the dahlias and hollyhocks, on either side, — as she would have kissed the cheeks of some dowager in a cap wreathed with roses.

"Adios! adios! pretty habitaçion with your adereço of flowers! I will live much in you. When Kennet is good I will come with him, and when he is bad I shall come without him; and you shall be all desflorecida. Adios!"

And with the last playful *adios* Donna Eusebia stepped into the boat which had brought her, with Sir Douglas and Gertrude, Lady Charlotte and Kenneth. The other two boats lay off, ready to start in company. Alice Ross, and one or two of the guests at the Castle, with the inseparable Mr. James Frere occupied one. The other merely reconveyed two of the gardeners who had been employed during the early morning in decorating the hut, according to Gertrude's design, and the servants who had prepared luncheon. Giuseppe was in the boat with Kenneth. It was the only one that had a sail besides the two rowers; but the wind was light, and not favourable; so Giuseppe was reclining in the most Italian attitude of *dolce far niente*, all languor, except his quick black eyes, which waited Kenneth's commands; and, receiving none, looked back again down on the unruffled water; dreaming, perhaps, of the blue Bay of Naples, and patient little Nanella still reading his treasured deputy-written love-letters, and expecting his long-delayed return.

The party were seated, and Kenneth was arranging a plaid round Donna Eusebia, when she once more stood up, and, with a long musical note of such sweet and passionate intonation that it woke an answering echo from the shore, sang out "Adios!" once again. Enchanted with the effect, she repeated it, with all the strength of her fine voice. Then she called out to Mr. Frere, and asked Gertrude to join, and that cadence in unison came back to them. Then, with one last adieu, she waved her hands to the hut laughing and kissing her finger-tips as she did so, and the boat pushed off.

But, in the very act of waving her hands, that precious bracelet with all its dangling lockets of rubies and diamonds, which she had been obliged to take off when accompanying herself on the piano, unfastened at the clasp, and fell into the lake!

"My bracelet! My bracelet! My bracelet that Kennet gave me before we marry!"

"Giuseppe!" exclaimed Kenneth.

And Giuseppe — so languid a minute ago — all life and activity, leaped up, and in a moment more would have dived for the lost treasure. But even at that instant, Mr. Frere's

voice called out, "I see it! Non turbate l'acqua!" (Do not disturb the water.)

As he spoke, he flung his coat into the boat, and plunged into the lake. He rose again, having failed to recover the glittering treasure: gazed downwards eagerly, plunged once more, and seized it, as it curled in among the little rocks that bordered the wild shore by the hut.

His hand was cut and bleeding from the dash he had made among the stones. He swam towards the boat where Donna Eusebia was seated, and lifted the bracelet in triumph as he touched the boat's side.

"Madre di Dio! Santo José! Santissima Marie! I recognize him! I know him!" exclaimed Giuseppe. "Touch not his hand, Signora mia; touch him not, Eccellenza!"

Giuseppe bent over the boat's side with a mixture of animation and repulsion difficult to comprehend. Mr. Frere seized his arm. Some rapid words in Italian — a wild look of appeal on the part of James Frere — a vehement withdrawal of his arm on the part of Giuseppe — and the bracelet was handed back to Donna Eusebia.

"I am too wet to be a good companion," said Mr. Frere, somewhat breathlessly. "Give me my coat; I will walk home."

"I will walk with you," said Kenneth; "I had rather. I hate the cramped-up sensation of a boat; and I am not very partial to recollections of diving."

He looked at Giuseppe, as he spoke, with a smile; and Gertrude shuddered, for she remembered only too well the day at Naples — the wild drunken talk — the dreadful plunge — the narrow escape from death, and the long watches of the dreary night that had fagged and worn Sir Douglas!

Involuntarily she looked in that kindly face and sighed, and held out her hand. He pressed it. He also remembered.

But Giuseppe's eyes followed only Mr. Frere; and, as the boat once more touched the shore, and Kenneth leaped lightly out and laid his hand on Frere's dripping shoulder, an expression almost of fierceness came over his honest sunburnt brow.

"If the young Excellency did but know!" muttered he.

The other boats also drew to the shore, and young Craigievar was invited to replace Kenneth in the leading bark.

Then it was that the lovely Spaniard resumed her conquering sway over the very inexperienced victim of her fascination; and chatted in her broken English, and talked with her fingers and her eyes, while the early moon stole into the sky with one companion star, and Sir Douglas and Gertrude sat rather silent, both thinking of Kenneth; of his past and of his future. And Lady Charlotte pulled at her curl meditatively; and repeated to Gertrude what she had previously said to Sir Douglas, — namely, that the beautiful Spaniard was "like something in a story: something not real, you know. But of course, she is real."

Only I cannot accustom myself to her. And she is so very different. Different, I mean, from you, dear! But men do love such different people. They go on choosing and loving, and loving and choosing, till really one don't know what they would be at. Still I'm glad of course that you ain't married to him, and—and I hope she'll behave herself."

Meanwhile Kenneth and his companion made their way by the footpath at the edge of the lake and inland; glancing from time to time at the boats as they came in sight. And, when they all met again, and Mr. Frere had gone to his apartment to change his clothes, Kenneth pronounced, with more warmth than usual, that he was "a capital fellow;" "a most entertaining fellow;" and he wouldn't object to have a walk with him every day; only he had rather bored him with his prejudices against the Italians (having observed that he had an Italian servant). He was full of the ridiculous notion that they were extremely deceitful and treacherous; scheming, and all that; even went so far as to remark on Giuseppe's countenance; said it was a "malignant" face, whereas there was not a better-natured animal in all Naples; and told some long story of an Italian valet who had murdered his master in some wild out-of-the-way place, and had then taken his clothes, his passport, and his name, and passed for years as the man himself! a thing which, after all, might have happened anywhere. Frere had also asked him (Kenneth) how long Giuseppe had been in his service, and whether he meant to keep him, and all that sort of thing. Of course he meant to keep him; never had a servant he liked so well.

But, apparently, Giuseppe himself was getting a little restless; for the very next day after the boating expedition, he came to Kenneth, and pleaded that now the young Excellency was once more among friends, and among servants of his house, he might dispense with the poor Neapolitan, and the desire of heart that had been kept tranquil while his young Excellency had need of him, grew strong now to go and marry Nanella, even as the Excellency had married the beautiful lady of his choice, whom might all the saints preserve for ever!

Kenneth's anger was unbounded at this proposal. It was all nonsense. He was used to Giuseppe, and he saw no reason at all why he should be deprived of his services. He offered him more wages: he swore and stormed: finally he expostulated, and worked on the better part of poor Giuseppe's easy nature, saying he was certain he should be ill again and require him; till at last the arrangement was made that Giuseppe should have temporary leave of absence to see his mother and marry Nanella: and, if Nanella would come with him to England and to Scotland, she should be installed as superior in the laundry; and, if she would not come, Giuseppe must absolutely

return for a year into Kenneth's service, till he could look out for a suitable substitute.

So, with many ejaculations and much humble hand-kissing, Giuseppe departed.

Before he went he asked to speak with Gertrude; and was called into the bright morning room, where she was working, and Sir Douglas reading.

But, whether the presence of the latter was more than Giuseppe had reckoned on, and intimidated him, or from whatever other cause, the young Neapolitan became agitated and confused; and all that could be gathered was, that he had desired to put their Excellencies on their guard against Mr. Frere. He called him "Mr. Frere," though—the saints forgive him—he knew that could not be the signor's name. He was well assured he had indeed seen him before; and when he saw him swimming, and with his hand uplifted and bleeding, then all was clear to him; and though the Signor Frere denied his identity, and said he had never been in Italy, yet he, Giuseppe, knew that it was not so; and he was proceeding to say more,—in his own verbose and confused way,—when the gentle tap of pussy-cat Alice at the door of the morning room and her gliding entrance stopped him. Alice looked at him, as if she also had something to say, and was waiting his departure; but when he was gone she only smiled an answering smile to Sir Douglas's look of welcome, and took out her favourite work of floss silk and chenille, and told Gertrude she had come "for a little advice" about going over to Clochnaben, for she did not like to quarrel with one of her dear mother's oldest friends, and yet she did not like to make the visit if Gertrude objected to continue on good terms with the Dowager after the unfortunate little *saillie* of the night of the dinner-party.

Young Lady Ross smiled quietly. "I hope the single sentence of rebuke I uttered will not interrupt our good neighbourhood," she said; "and, at all events, that it will in no way change the relations in which others stand to Lady Clochnaben. Douglas will ride over with you; and, if Donna Eusebia would like to make the call and see the grim old castle, Kenneth can drive her in my pony chaise. I am going to walk with my mother and my little boy to see his old nurse. We have been so busy with company lately, that no such holidays have come about.—If Mr. Frere"—

Here Gertrude paused and looked doubtfully at Sir Douglas, who answered hastily—"Oh! my love, you don't suppose for a moment that I should heed the mysterious warning which that rambling fellow Giuseppe has taken it into his head to give us! I never heard a syllable that could lead me to think Frere had visited Italy, and he talks freely enough of the places and people he has seen. Besides, what are we to suppose the simple fellow meant? I think we need hardly expect Frere to turn into a robber chief, or a Roderick Dhu, because Kenneth's man fancies he recognizes him."

"I was going to say that we could mount Mr. Frere as well as Kenneth, and some others of the party, if you would give orders about the horses."

"Well, I dare say Alice will not object to that," said Sir Douglas, with a smile; "the more the merrier. Let us prepare a cavalry march upon Clochnaben Castle, and call on the grim lady of the castle to surrender at discretion. James Frere's visit here ends to-day, and it will be a very brilliant sort of escort, to reconduct him."

CHAPTER XXXV.

TIES THAT WON'T BIND.

To the verbs which the Clochnaben factor had declared to be *caret* in her ladyship's vocabulary, — namely, to *love* and to *give*, — might certainly be added the verb to *pardon*.

That even Heaven itself should pardon sin, had always jarred upon that stein Dowager's clearer sense of the proper temporal and eternal rules with reference to right and wrong. She had once condescended — not to argue the point — but in an interrogative form to express an opinion on this point to the deceased Savile Heaton, who had faltered out something about "Christian indulgence" in her presence.

"Now that is so like Lorimer, Mr. Heaton! that nonsense which you have just talked, about indulgence! One would think he had bit you, and inoculated you with his wild notions. Christian indulgence won't go down with me, I can tell you. Horrid slip-slop! Means nothing but 'don't care,' and 'Don't Care,' as we all know, came to the gallows. Why, Lord love you, man, — if the bad are to get off scot free the moment they put a pocket-handkerchief to their eyes or find time to drop down on their wanton marrow bones, — what's the use of being good? If pardons are to drop down from heaven like manna, whenever they're wanted, then it's all up with justice; — that's my dictum. I don't believe it: and I hope those that sin, and then think to run away from the consequences, will find the devil's pitchfork in their backs before they've run far. There's Heaven for one set of folks; ain't there? and the Lake of Brimstone for the other? That's your creed, I suppose, if you're anything of a Churchman: and you can't pop the wheat and tares into the same barn — (I'm thankful to say), — however willing you might be to do it."

Mr. Savile Heaton had had the presumption to commence a demurrer to this argument: — "The very essence of Christianity," said he, "in the great doctrine of redemption" —

But here he was cut short, and mowed down, and gathered up among the bundle of condemned tares in Lady Clochnaben's spiritual barn.

"Essence of fiddlesticks!" said she, snappishly. "You are not expected to get to heaven by a saunter over the hills, but by a path cut

for you; and if you go out of it, worse luck for you. You needn't, you know, unless you choose. Lorimer once asked me, — his mother — (for he has no more idea of respect than the sail of a windmill, but just whirls round to his point), — whether I felt sure of heaven: and I told him certainly I *did*; I never committed a known sin in all my life, and I suppose I've had my temptations like other people."

Lady Clochnaben had paused here in her discourse, and settled her black bonnet with rather a discontented jerk, for she had an uncomfortable recollection of her son's manner on that occasion: of his asking whether she also "gave tithes of all she possessed:" and of his muttering a quotation to himself (a habit of his which particularly irritated her) in a most unconvinced tone: —

"Whom thou dost injure, — thou, that dost not strike,
What thou dost covet, — thou, that dost not steal,
God knows; who made temptations all unlike,
But sin the same."

And, as Mr. Savile Heaton had no ready quotations, beyond Scripture texts, and merely gave a gentle sigh in answer to the *finale* of her tirade, there was nothing left to fight about in those by-gone days.

But now, at this present time, with the inhabitants of Glenrossie Castle (those tares, growing up in undeserved sunshine within telescopic range of her own sternly immaculate windows!), there appeared to the dowager a great deal to fight about; and if, in her opinion, the manna of celestial pardon ought not to fall and be gathered by chance sinners, whose cases did not even come under her observation or interest her in any way, — how should she pardon Gertrude the sinful laxity of receiving Maggie Heaton? and that yet more amazing lapse from the right path, which had prompted her to rebuke her guest for impressing on Maggie her true position? Was it possible that even to *her*, the Countess of Clochnaben, — "an awfu' woman to contravene," and Lady Ross's superior in every way, — the words had been addressed which censured her as "worse than rude — *cruel*!" And by whom were these words spoken, — with that high and mighty air which mealy-mouthed Madam could assume when she chose, though generally she kept her spirit under? By whom? By a chit of a girl, the daughter of that affected fool and daudling goose, Lady Charlotte Skifton! Skifton, indeed! a nice name to tack Lady Charlotte's to, who came of well-born people, and was cousin, twice removed, to Lady Clochnaben herself! Who was Mr. Skifton? Who was his daughter, that she should venture — that she should *dare* address a Scotch magnate in such words of reprobation? Forgive her! Certainly not. She should be punished: she deserved punishment. People with a keener conscience than

the self-righteous Dowager might call it vengeance; but it was, in her opinion, the strictest justice. Gertrude should be punished, that was quite settled; even if Lady Clochnab had a good opinion of her in other respects, which she had not. She had jilted Kenneth, and coquetted with Lorimer, and married Douglas from the basest motives of self-interest: that was clear as the day.

"Man, who art thou that judgest another? To his own Master he standeth or falleth,"—was a text which had never particularly impressed this female Draco. It must somehow have slipped out of her Bible.

And Alice Ross also thought Gertrude should be punished: though she would have found it difficult to say for what. For being lovely, and much beloved, and ruling, without seeming to rule, and occupying the place of lady of the castle which Alice herself would fain have continued to fill.

Mr. Frere too was of opinion Gertrude should be punished. He was satisfied that she would be reserved for eternal condemnation in the next world, but he thought she ought also to be chastened in this: and that, although she might not be decapitated like Queen Mary, she might yet endure such sorrow as the Lord might be pleased to send, to work out her eventual salvation.

Nor was it very long before Donna Eusebia also considered that she ought to be punished. Very skilful and undermining were the tactics of Alice; very broad and daring the tactics of the Pharisee of Clochnab; but their end was the same. The passionate vain Spaniard was gradually brought to know all that these other ladies knew or thought. That her husband had all but drowned himself for love of Gertrude, who after all had most unexpectedly thrown him over and married the wealthy Ross of Glenrossie, though all her "friends" were convinced that in reality her heart was set on his nephew. That Lady Charlotte had married a merchant, a mere nobody, which accounted for the crafty ambition of his daughter, who was determined to take the best match she could get, without reference to her affections. That Maggie was a vile lost creature, who never would have held her head up or been heard of in the county, but for the monstrous step taken by Lady Ross, and by Sir Douglas at her instigation, of countenancing her, and treating her as an acknowledged connexion of the family. All this, with much pity for Donna Eusebia, and hints of her being utterly thrown away, with her amazing beauty and accomplishments. But the spiteful little pecks at Kenneth were very carefully given, for it was very obvious that as yet the Spanish lady was what is called "very much in love" with her very handsome husband, and Kenneth on his side "very much in love" with her.

Nothing could equal Eusebia's anger at the discovery of her mother-in-law's position.

That Kenneth had deceived her in more ways than one as to the circumstances surround-

ing his home was very evident. Her astonishment at the inferiority of Torrieburn in all but the picturesqueness of its situation and scenery: and her discontent at the arrangements made for her reception there, lavish as they had been in proportion to Kenneth's real means: her irritation at the insufficiency of the smaller establishment to fulfil her notions of luxury,—were vehement and unconcealed. She clinched those *mignonne* pianoforte-playing fingers, with nearly as much passion as untutored Maggie herself; while she exclaimed to Lady Ross, "Ah, these men! Kennet tell me this, his place of Torrie, was yet more beautiful than his uncle's; and see now! What 'vileza' is here! But I shall not live here. As well live in the little hut on the lake. Better, indeed!"

And Donna Eusebia's black eyes assumed a lurid fierceness instead of their habitual expression of languid coquetry, as she reflected how many lies, during their many roamings through the halls of the Abencerrages in the Alhambra, when Kenneth was courting her, that very handsome young Englishman must have told, or indirectly led her to believe, since her dreams at Granada of "this place of Torrie" had been so very different from the reality! How completely Kenneth,—always rather affected and beautiful about his personal belongings, and at that time, perhaps (so lately snatched from death in his fever at Seville), really pining somewhat for home-ties and home—had pretended that all the grandeur and crumbling glory of the palace of the Moorish kings could not wean his heart from the dear and lovely memory of Scotland! How he had expatiated on the enchanting recollections of Glenrossie and Torrieburn, and spoken of the two places as equally magnificent possessions; both estates somewhat approaching in value those of the Spanish Duc d'Ossuna and the Scottish Duke of Hamilton!

Deceitful "Kennet!"

"Lovers' oaths" are proverbially most insecure anchors for faith to hold by. But "lovers' lies" are yet more betraying. The best of men add, voluntarily or involuntarily, a little to the warmth and light of the future they are persuading another to share. The picture indeed is there, but, like all who are showing off a picture, they hold a clear light over it and shade that light with their hand, that it may be seen to the best advantage.

Happily the woman who does not require the "make-weight" of a home of splendour when she accepts the man of her choice. Gertrude would have been content to live in a settler's log-cabin with Sir Douglas. But even she would doubtless have felt greatly disturbed and discouraged if she had found those long colloquies during pleasant evenings spent at the Villa Mandorlo in describing Glenrossie, to be a tissue of fables. Not for the sake of the home, but the character of its master. Kenneth's misstatements did not spring from the enthusiasm of the poet, who feels sure that the honey of Hybla will turn into roast beef and silver dishes;

nor the artist's, who dreams of a repetition in his case of the fate of Cimabue; nor the lawyer's, who, though not quite without a hope of the wool-sack, feels certain that at least he will come to be a judge; for all these offer what they believe they will attain; and, if it prove a deception in after years, it is a deception which they honestly shared. No! Kenneth's was a deliberate, prosaic exaggeration, to help him to obtain the hand of the beautiful Spaniard, the cousin of the Duke of Martos, the daughter of grandees. He had not wooed her like the yearning lover in the old Scotch song:—

"I would I were a baron's heir,
That I with pearls might braid your hair;
I'd make ye bright as ye are fair,
Lassie! gin ye'd lo'e me!
But I hae naught to offer thee,
Nor gems from mine, nor pearls from sea,—
For I am come of low degree,
—Lassie! but I lo'e ye!"

On the contrary, he had wooed her as a Scottish grandee, with a Scottish prince for his uncle; as, indeed, had ever been his favourite pose in the previous society at Naples. When Donna Eusebia, therefore, made all the discoveries in which Alice Ross and Lady Clochinaben so eagerly assisted, she was enraged, mortified, and perplexed out of all measure.

But, beyond and above all other mortifications, the terrible *éclaircissement* respecting Maggie sent the proud *sangre azul*—the "blue blood" of Spain—bubbling in her excitable veins, till it nearly maddened her.

Maggie's welcomes—her attempts to be on glad familiar terms with the "bonny ledly," Donna Euseby—the laughing triumph of her white teeth, at having such a daughter-in-law to show the old miller and his wife—the caresses which she eagerly dispensed alike to her "lad" and his bride—the uproarious spirits she was in—loving him as she did in her own wild way—and rejoicing, with a mother's rejoicing, at his return to Torrieburn so brilliantly accompanied, and at the thoughts of their all dwelling together in that house,—where, since Mr. Heaton's departure and subsequent death, Maggie had resided in a loneliness extremely opposite to her tastes—her kisses, her "brewed" possets, her active walks, her homely ways, her mock dignity and "uppihness" to Gertrude, her state of alienation from the visiting society of the neighbourhood,—all these things drove Donna Eusebia to desperation. They were not merely thorns in her path; they were so many pointed thrusts in her heart. She repulsed Maggie with all the energy of scorn. And Maggie repulsed, was worse than Maggie happy! Sobs and tears, exclamations and explanations, were forced on Kenneth. She wanted to know—she insisted on her right to know—"wunt had come ow'r Donna Euseby," who had seemed so friendly and affectionate when first they met at Glenrossie. She claimed a daughter's duty—a son's duty—proper

respect and attention as the "head o' the hoose." She cried, she stormed, she upbraided, appealed: till at last Kenneth,—ever-selfish Kenneth—urged beyond his power of bearing—turned, and passionately told her that, if anybody was "head of the house," Donna Eusebia was that head. That the house at Torrieburn, and Torrieburn itself, was *his*,—Kenneth's; not his mother's. That she must contrive to please and satisfy and succumb to Donna Eusebia, or "things would never do." That he was already over head and ears in debt; and, *but for her*, he would be glad to "let" Torrieburn and its fishings and moor, and was certain he could "make a good thing of it." That her father really paid a ridiculous nominal sort of rent for the mills by the Falls of Torrieburn, and in reality profited by the relationship more than was at all fair, but, that having been *his* father's arrangement, he, Kenneth, was "loath and reluctant" (that was all; it was not impossible, but he was loath and reluctant) to make any change, or "let the mills to any other miller!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE TEARS OF EUSEBIA.

CONSIDERING that the miller was in fact his grandfather by the mother's side, it was perhaps not to be wondered at that Maggie took these hurried sentences from her "ain lad" with a mixture of amazement and indignation difficult to describe.

Bursting out into that yowling and howling in which her bitterest sorrows were always expressed; calling alternately and confusedly on her first husband, as his father and her "ain mon and dear luvie of luvies,"—and on her second husband as Kenneth's teacher and trainer, and above all, her protector, "wha would just hae stared his twa een oot, gin he had heerd siccan talk as she had heerd that day frae her ain bairn, that she had reared and ay held to," she filled the house with her lamentings. Then, as Kenneth left her with a passionate oath, she burst into the newly-decorated drawing-room,—where the "she-grandee" was practising on the new piano some of those modinhas and boleros which fascinated all who heard them,—and treated that flashing beauty to a tirade in Scotch, of which Donna Eusebia understood little except that she was called a "weird woman" and a "fause witch," and accused of stealing Kenneth's heart and poisoning his "varry blude," so that he had come to defy and flout the mother that bore him.

To all which Eusebia indeed attempted some sort of repartee in her broken English, but, not succeeding to her satisfaction, awaited the return of her husband (who had escaped the after part of the family storm by going out), and, flinging herself on the bosom of his velvet shooting-coat, gave vent to tears and spasmodic grievings to the full as vehement as Maggie's, only infinitely more graceful.

That she should die — that she could bear it no longer; — that she wished she had slept under the waters of the Guadalquivir, the Darro, or the Xenil — before she left her own country for Scotland; that she would go back to her father; write and complain to her brother; sleep in the same grave with her mother; stab herself, and then throw herself into the Lake of Glenrossie; go away in the night, and never be found by Kenneth again; that she no longer loved him, and wondered at her own past infatuation; that she still adored him, and could bear for his sake anything — anything but this! All these contradictory declarations did Donna Eusebia rapidly enunciate; her lithe arms clasping and unclasping Kenneth; now bending his head forcibly down to meet her despairing eyes, their black lashes fringed with silver-dropping tears — now strenuously repulsing his answering embrace with wild negative shakes of her glossy head, — now clinging to him faintly, as if she would swoon away, and lose all hold of him and life at once, from sheer fatigue of such exhausting sorrow; now suddenly standing erect and beautiful, stamping those tiny feet, and raising those lustrous eyes in appeal to a justly avenging Heaven, or visionary recognition of her family ties in Spain! And then sinking once more, dissolved in weary tears, sobbing, with her face hidden in the sofa pillows; only one little smooth ivory shoulder convulsively flapping on those cushions of down, like the broken wing of a bird half murdered by some unskilled sportsman, that had just found strength to flutter back to its nest, shiver there, and so die!

Donna Eusebia knew the value of her tears! They had stood her in good stead with wiser and tenderer men than Kenneth. Many a golden hour of triumph had she bought with that silver change. And if Kenneth was not very tender, at least he was still "very much in love;" and at all events, and above all things, he hated "a scene." Like Henry Taylor's shallow-hearted hero in "Van Artevelde" —

"He granted her to laugh, for so could he, —
But when she wept why should it be?"

Why, indeed? What the deuce did his mother mean by making things so uncomfortable, after he had been years wandering about, and she ought to be so glad to see him? What folly it was in her not to see that Eusebia could not, and ought not, to put up with anything of the sort! Bad enough to have to bring her to Torrieburn, and get her gradually accustomed to the contrast which he privately felt she must institute between the real and the unreal of his boastings, without additional worry of this sort! He couldn't stand it. It made him nervous; it made him ill. He believed the old miller was at the bottom of it all, for the old fellow actually had the impudence to be offended because Kenneth did not greet him with the familiarity he had ventured upon while he was still a mere boy; and had even "spoken

out" about his family grievances, and with the pithy saying, "Ye'll no blot by-ganes; yere mither's yere mither, ye ken" — endeavoured to rebuke his conduct as unfilial!

His mother might be his mother: he couldn't help that: and, indeed he remembered no other parent: but, all the same, he had that in common with even better offspring of irregular ties (from Hotspur downwards), that he inclined to reckon only his more creditable progenitor. He was Kenneth Ross's son, and Sir Douglas Ross's nephew; but deuce a bit would he consent to be grandson to the drunken old miller, Peter Carmichael, and Betty Carmichael, his spouse.

So the stormy scene ended by his kissing away Donna Eusebia's tears. She was to be a good, patient darling, his jewel, his "alhaya," and keep her promise not to have any more scenes with his mother; and she was to go and pay a second visit to Glenrossie, and then have a beautiful house in London, and then, if she liked it, they would winter in Spain.

A beautiful house in London.

Certainly something must be done about expenses, and something more must be got out of Torrieburn!

After all, what was the use of foregoing one's rights out of sentimentality?

So Kenneth went straight from Eusebia and her cushions to his mother; who had likewise prepared things to say to him, but was cut short with that prayer of the passionate that stands in lieu of a command —

"Now do, for God's sake, my dear mother, keep yourself quiet, and listen to me!"

And then and there this son of one parent explained that Eusebia was not to be contradicted in one jot or tittle of her will; no, not even if her wishes seemed whims in the eyes of "other persons." He did not intend her to stay much longer at Torrieburn; there was too much wood and water about the place, and Eusebia's health might suffer. He should cut a good deal of the woods down, and make some other alterations. Meanwhile he hoped there would be no more "rows," for he hated them, and it was *vulgar*. Eusebia had been used to the very first society, and, of course, felt the assumption of equality to be unfair. She must be treated with the utmost deference and respect by his mother.

And when outraged Maggie once more attempted an irresistible burst about "his ain dede father," and gude Mr. Heaton" (she had never called Mr. Heaton by his Christian name), Kenneth broke in with equal impetuosity, — "pooh! bosh! Heaton was a milkop, and fit for nothing but to read prayers and teach Latin to children; and, as to my father, it is not my fault that he arranged matters so — so awkwardly; we must do the best we can under the circumstances: it is a good deal harder upon me than it is upon you. Now, let there be an end of it; for I am sure I do not wish to vex you more than I can help."

"Ou Kenneth!" was all the reply from the

widowed Mrs. Heaton, as she flung her smart silk apron over her head preparatory to a long burst of hysterical weeping.

And, while she sat weeping at home, Kenneth strode over to the Falls, and stepped into the house of his miller grandfather, whom he addressed with extreme haughtiness, and called "Carmichael." He informed the old man that he was "about to make some changes," indeed, "necessitated to make" some changes; that nothing would be done in a hurry, or without consideration, but that eventually — *eventually* — the mill would probably be let to a younger tenant, and some new machinery tried there.

To all which the old man listened in dogged silence, without rising from his settle by the peat fire; only, when Kenneth had apparently got through all he intended to say, his disowned grandfather looked up with a keen repelling glance, and said, sarcastically, — "I'm thinking, if ye ca' me 'Carmichael' noo' the beard's on yere chin, ye might put the 'Mister' till it."

His wife nudged his elbow, as Kenneth nodded rather sulkily to her and went out.

"Ou, man, diinna ye anger him," whispered the old woman. "Sicna a devil's bairn as that might send our Maggie packing, and not think twice on't."

And they watched the handsome young proprietor of Torrieburn, as, with the strong quick step of youth, he made his way homeward, until he turned the angle of the bridge where his father had met his death, and passed out of sight.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MR. FRERE IN A NEW LIGHT.

"Oh! Douglas, I was just coming to you," said Gertrude, one morning soon after these discussions, as he entered her sitting-room; "Kenneth has written me rather an odd note proposing to come here again for a while, till his wife and his poor mother learn to get on a little better together. And Lorimer has written me a still odder epistle about Mr. Frere."

Sir Douglas looked thoughtful.

"Gertrude, you must know what all that means, about 'getting on better' together. I love Kenneth; yes, I love him as a son; but I cannot shut my eyes to his carelessness about his unfortunate mother; and I am not over anxious that Donna Eusebia should be always with you. I have often wondered you took so heartily to her! You are very different."

Gertrude laughed. "Perhaps that is the very reason: they say people always love their contrasts. I confess I think Eusebia the most charming person I ever met. So beautiful, so accomplished, so winning, so warm!"

And, speaking the last words, Gertrude paused and coloured, for she was conscious in her heart that she was contrasting Eusebia with Alice! Alice, whom she had been requested to "pet;" whom she *had* petted; and yet in

whose stealthy pace there was no eagerness, in whose cold eyes no welcome, in the touch of whose passive hand no cordiality: while Eusebia, — oh! Eusebia, how enchanting she was!

"You can ask them, my love, as a matter of course: but I would fain see both Kenneth and Eusebia show a better disposition for home. We shall have him wandering away again. He has so little settled purpose! And yet I did my best with him — I did my best."

Sir Douglas spoke in a musing absent way. He puzzled over Kenneth and his conduct at all times. The two men were so unlike, that each was incomprehensible to the other.

"Well," added he after a pause; "and Frere? What is it that our sage Lorimer writes about Frere? He was always rather inclined to find fault with that enthusiast in the missionary line. Does he grumble that we have not yet got him shipped off to New Zealand, or Otaheite?"

"Douglas, it is very serious. He writes — here is his letter — that he has every reason to think Mr. Frere is an impostor; at least that he has given an utterly false account of his antecedents. That he would not have troubled himself about the matter, but that Giuseppe, immediately on arriving in Naples, came to him, and told him certain facts which, coupled with Lorimer's own previous impression that Mr. Frere was not altogether unknown to him, convinced him that you ought to sift the matter, and endeavour to get from Frere a distinct account of the past. It is really rather curious, if you come to consider, how little that is positive we do know about him. He has never been to see the friends he originally stated were so anxious to receive him. He seems to communicate with no one. He has never named places or persons in the course of our many conversations on the plans for his future; I think, myself, he is a mystery."

Sir Douglas smiled. "My Gertrude growing suspicious," he said; "that is a new phase of character; and Lorimer, the cynic that he is, shall have all the credit of your conversion. I really do not see any cause for fear about Mr. James Frere. He is doing his duty strictly; somewhat illiberally, perhaps, according to my notion of religious opinions, but industriously and consistently. As to his moral character, he might vie with St. Anthony, by all I hear; and the only foible I think I have perceived in him is that very reticence of which you speak, which I do not defend, but I think I can account for it in a very simple way."

"How do you account for it, Douglas?"

"I suspect (since we are all to have our suspicions) that, well educated as he is, he is not well-born — that he comes of what are called 'low people,' and is ashamed of his extraction. He is quite willing we should know *what* he is, and he certainly is a man of remarkable ability; but he is not willing that we should know *who* he is; and I really do not see how I can press him on that point, or urge him to reveal what concerns no one here."

Gertrude hesitated — looked up at her husband — hesitated again, and then said, with a sweet shy smile —

"What if it *does* concern some one here, Douglas? Some one you are very fond of; some one whose destiny you are very anxious to guard?"

"Alice! you mean my sister Alice," he answered hurriedly, while a sudden flush passed over his brow; "I cannot think it; I think she would have told me; I am sure she would."

And a very vivid memory of the long conversation on "kith-and-kin love," held with Alice as they sat that sweet evening resting among the heather, returned to him as he spoke.

"It was Giuseppe; no very good authority, perhaps, and I daresay, poor fellow, he thinks love is the hinge on which everything in this world turns, but he assured Lorimer he considered this a case of courtship; that early in the morning, before any one is up, except the servants, they walked and sat together in the garden, and that once he came upon Alice violently weeping (Alice who never weeps), and Mr. Frere speaking to her so eagerly and angrily that he never even perceived Giuseppe's presence; and once more at night — quite at night, he saw them part at the Tower door, that leads up to her apartment, and" —

"My love, my love," said Sir Douglas very impatiently, "all that proves nothing. Frere is just the man to melt a girl to tears on religious subjects; and servants, especially foreigners, always see a Cupid in every corner, like the painted border of a valentine."

"It is Lorimer," said Gertrude, with hesitation, "who thinks you should ascertain, for Alice's sake (I have sometimes thought myself that — that she liked him), what and who Mr. Frere is."

"Ascertain — ascertain! Gertrude, I have but one way of doing things. I cannot beat about the bush, and keep patient watch over trifles, to try and bring my mind to a decision; neither can I, without cause, without the legitimate interest in Alice which you think may be involved, ask Frere a single question. But this I will do; I will learn at once, from Alice herself, whether there is a shadow of ground for your supposition; and, if there is, I will make those point blank inquiries which dear old Lorimer thinks so easy. I should like to put him in my place; conceive bluntly addressing Frere thus: 'I understand that my nephew's courier suspects you are an impostor; I hope it is not true; account for yourself.' Set your mind at ease, Gertrude. I am certain dear Alice will tell me the truth. I am certain she will. She might keep her secret from the whole world, but she would not from me."

So saying, up went frank-hearted Sir Douglas to the turret-chamber, and knocked at the door. Alice said, "Come in," without looking up; she was very busy reading a letter. She slightly started when she saw who was her visitor, and rose directly.

Her half-brother took the little passive hand, pressed it, and sat down by her as she reseated herself. He came directly to the object of his visit. How Lorimer had written about Mr. Frere to Gertrude, and Gertrude had thought it possible Alice might be interested in the very clever and remarkable man who had been intimate with them now for a long time; and how he, Sir Douglas himself, would not think it otherwise than natural; but that there were special reasons why he adjured Alice not to be too shy to tell him whether it was so or not. Her secret would be safe with him; but he must endeavour to follow up some inquiries respecting the stranger which Lorimer had made.

And then, in a very tender and touching manner, he referred to their compact of mutual confidence the day they talked of "kith-and-kin love," and he kissed her kindly on the forehead, and petted her as he had done that day.

And after their interview was over, he hurried back to Gertrude, and assured her that Alice smiled at the idea of such a thing as any love betwixt her and Mr. Frere: that she had held many earnest conversations with that preacher, principally about schools and foreign missions, — but never on such a subject as love except once — and that once was not in any way personal to herself; it was about another person; she would not tell Sir Douglas then; she would consider and tell him another time; these things ought not to be lightly gossiped about. It was something that seemed to give her pain. Indeed, she had admitted that it was about a near and dear friend; or one she desired to think of as a near and dear friend. It was a consultation with Mr. Frere whether she should venture to offer that friend advice; and he had controlled her in that. She would talk with Sir Douglas about it another time. It had nothing whatever to do with her own affairs.

By a strange coincidence, while they were yet speaking of Mr. Frere, a little note in pencil was handed to Sir Douglas. It said that that individual was waiting for him in the library, having received a painful summons to the bedside of his half-uncle in Shropshire, who had been crushed in the wheel of some cotton manufactory, and that to so urgent a call he could only answer by starting as soon as possible; that he could not go without wishing Sir Douglas farewell, not knowing exactly when he would return.

Both Sir Douglas and Gertrude went down to the library to bid him good-bye. He thanked them gravely for their kindness during his sojourn among them, and regretted the interruption made in his usual duties by this, the most sacred duty of all. "For," said he sadly, "I suppose no man ever was so destitute of near ties. I have relatives by my mother's side in Australia, not in very brilliant positions" — and he laughed an awkward laugh, — "one is a petty innkeeper, and the others are making their way as well as they can, sheep-tending."

There are, however, circumstances which excuse their alienation from me; and I do not like talking of myself. We are all in God's hand. No Christian is fatherless, and the great Father of all sends each of us such fate as He thinks best. I only trust, when we meet again, all may be as bright here as I leave it."

Saying which, Mr. James Frere gracefully withdrew; and Sir Douglas could not forbear the observation to his wife, how strange it was, that at the very moment they were debating as to inquiries respecting him, he had thus openly alluded to his condition!

"Rely on it, it is as I told you, love. He belongs to people of whom he feels ashamed: some gentleman's natural son perhaps. It is a weakness, but what a common weakness! I am glad, at least, that it should be no vexation to Ailie. Her innocent talk on the subject quite set me at my ease. And now I am going to Torrieburn, to talk matters over with Kenneth, who has got the freak into his head of cutting down the woods, and will spoil his place. We shall be very busy all day."

"We may meet, for I promised to take Eusebia some plants she wants, and a pair of pruning scissors. We shall think our business nearly as important as yours; we are both so fond of flowers."

As Gertrude left the hall door, she brushed against flitting Alice, who, in her usual cat-like way, was gliding down the walk. Lady Ross smiled and nodded, but passed on. She never expected Alice now to join her, as she did in former inexperienced days.

She had proceeded but a little way, when she found she had forgotten the pruning scissors; they were left in the conservatory.

She set down the little basket of plants, and returned swiftly to seek for them. Eusebia had made such a point of having these scissors to snip dead leaves and straggling roses!

She passed to the further end of the conservatory. There was no way out without returning. Suddenly the voice of Alice, in distress and complaining, smote on her amazed ear.

"Oh, James!" it said, "how shall I ever bear it! I cannot bear it!"

Then Mr. Frere's melodious voice answered, with something between a sneer and a sigh—"You must bear it as other women have done, I suppose. You must not belike the poor old soul who, when led to the gallows, said she knew she never could bear to be hung."

"Oh! James—James Frere, do not jest with me! what shall I do when you have forsaken me!"

"I do not forsake you. You must make some excuse for a visit to Edinburgh. I will see you there. You are your own mistress, and not a child. Be prudent; this is temporary; I have got through a hundred worse chances! It is lucky you have a key to the letter bag. Don't attempt to write to me till you hear. Perhaps I shall only communicate by advertisement, with a single initial. Good-bye!"

"Oh, James!"

"Do not weep; be as usual; you may ruin me by any imprudence. Do you think I am not sorry for you—sorry to leave you? Is it pleasant to be hunted over the earth as I am?"

Then Alice—quiet cat-like Alice—with a suppressed cry, threw herself into the arms of the would-be missionary preacher, who, fervently straining her to his breast, muttered the unholy words, "Curse the fool who has parted us!" and then, putting her from him, and looking steadily in her face with his wild bright eyes, "You are no mate for me," he said, "if you can't bear the gnawing of anxiety as the Spartan bore the gnawing of the fox. If ever you feel tempted to give way, say to yourself, '*I may hang him!*'" And having spoken every one of these sentences as rapidly as breath could utter them, he disappeared from the conservatory, and in a minute more the sound of wheels, down the approach to the castle, told that Mr. Frere was gone.

With a deep shivering sigh, and pressing her hand on her side as if she really felt the gnawing pain so recently alluded to, Alice also glided out of the conservatory; and was presently in the garden again, looking out with wistful eyes—at nothing!

And all this time, and for some seconds afterwards, Gertrude stood spell-bound as a statue—the pruning scissors in her hand, and the blood beating at her ears, as it beats in moments of intense anxiety and expectation, or excess of terror.

Was it a waking dream? Was that the pious fervent orator, the condemner of sin in all shapes, the guide and pastor of the young flock intrusted to him?

As Gertrude passed on her way to Torrieburn, she saw outlawed little Jamie Macmichael sitting on the top of the low stone wall, his favourite resort; he watched the other children swinging their slates and sauntering to school; but he could not go to school himself, "because, ye ken, he brak the Lord's day."

From the Reader, Dec. 15.

READE'S MASTERPIECE.

Griffith Gaunt; or, Jealousy. By Charles Reade. (Boston: Ticknor & Fields.) 1866.

Brother Griffith's Story of a Plot in Private Life, a portion (pp. 322—392) of *The Queen of Hearts*. By Wilkie Collins. Printed in England in 1859, or earlier. (New York: Harper & Bros.)

The Frenchman of Two Wives. Printed in *Household Words*. Vol. XIV., No. 350, Dec. 6. 1856, p. 845 *et seq.*; reprinted in *Littell's Living Age*, No. 660, Jan. 17, 1857, p. 186 *et seq.*

It is not often that we depend for assistance upon the acumen of others, even though they be Transatlantic journals. But when a literary imposture of considerable magnitude has been completely exposed by a foreign contemporary, which can scarcely be assumed to have the circulation in England which its merits by themselves deserve, we should not do well to pass such a service unnoticed. We feel, therefore, we are right in transcribing the following article entire from *The Round Table* of the 1st December:—

Mr. Charles Reade, by confiding his *Griffith Gaunt* letter to his American publishers for timely publication, which they properly managed, procured for his (and their) novel probably a wider circulation and a more general criticism than any other work of fiction has enjoyed within the same period after its publication. The judgments passed upon it have been almost as diverse as those of Mr. Reade himself and of *The Round Table*. Of the American journals which have noticed it a large majority have expressed their agreement with the views of *The*

Round Table, taking exception only at what they term its "personalities," showing that they have taken their impressions from Mr. Reade's letter or from each other; as in our original articles we observed toward that person a scrupulous courtesy, speaking of him—as an author ordinarily should be spoken of—as if he were a gentleman. The English press, since *The London Review* was sued for quoting us, have shown as general a preponderation in favour of the Englishman, who, they generally declare, has not violated English ideas of decency. The propriety of the book aside, it has other peculiarities which, now that its ordinary criticism has been generally concluded, are worthy of note. A large part of Mr. Reade's popularity is well known to have been due to the general admiration for his originality, his freshness, his frankness. *The Saturday Review*, which considers his letter "delicious," and extols *Griffith Gaunt*, praises it for the author's "rare gift of creating," and for the "exciting plot." *The Spectator* extols his delineation of jealousy. *The Atlantic*, presumably his most favourable cis-Atlantic critic, pronounces that "the management of the plot was so masterly that the story proceeded without a pause or an improbability." These criticisms, however, which defend the morality of the book, are at one in condemning the disposal of its characters at the close as inartistic.

Without advancing further criticisms of our own, we desire to call the attention of these critics and their followers to the collation of the three works named above, and their dates of publication. *Griffith Gaunt* is so universally known, and so fresh in the mind of the public, that we have but indicated passages which it may be presumed to remember:—

GRIFFITH GAUNT; OR, JEALOUSY, 1866.

BROTHER GRIFFITH'S STORY
OF A PLOT IN PRIVATE
LIFE. 1859.

THE FRENCHMAN OF TWO
WIVES. 1856.

[Griffith Gaunt, a gentleman without fortune, marries Kate Peyton, who has just inherited Hershaw Castle and Bolton Grange, in Cumberland.]

"My master was a very rich gentleman. He had the Darrock house and lands in Cumberland. . . Mr. Norcross died: . . he bequeathed his property so that it all went to Mrs. Norcross first," etc. . . [Mrs. Norcross marries Mr. James Smith, who] "was poor enough himself, as I heard from his servant, but well-connected—a gentleman by birth and education."

"Monsieur de la Pivardière was a gentleman of ancient family, but reduced fortune, in Touraine. The family name was Bouchet, but he called himself Pivardière to distinguish himself from his brothers. . . he married, more for money than for love, a woman somewhat older than himself—a Madame de Plessir—a widow, who brought him an estate and château, called Nerbonne, for dowry."

[Mrs. Gaunt and Father Leonard, a young priest and her confessor, find in each other the only congenial companionship the neighbourhood affords, and an intimacy ensues which arouses Griffith's jealousy.] "Husband and wife saw little of each other, and hardly spoke." [In the course of one of their quarrels, Griffith says]:

"As for the village near us, there was but one person living in it whom my mistress could think of asking to the hall, and that person was the clergyman who did duty at the church. This gentleman's name was Mr. Meeke. He was a single man, very young. . . . She felt for him in his lonely position. . . . Mr. Meeke (who was dreadfully frightened by my master's violent language and rough ways) very seldom visited at the hall except when my mistress was alone there.

. . . He (Smith) grew sulky, rude, angry, and at last downright jealous of Mr. Meeke.

. . . The ruder her husband was to Mr. Meeke, the more kindly she behaved to him. This led to serious disputes, and thence in time to a violent quarrel."

"Then I say that priest shall never darken my doors again."

"Then I say they are my doors, not yours: and that holy man shall brighten them whenever he will."

[Griffith, after threatening to drag Father Leonard through the horse-pond if he returns, finds the pair walking together, as he supposes, planning his dishonour. Having chastised the priest in Mrs. Gaunt's presence]:

"He darted to the stable-yard, sprang on his horse, and galloped away from Hershaw Castle."

[Griffith rides into another country, and stopping, tired, at an inn, meets Mercy Vint, the inn-keeper's daughter.] "He saw a buxom, blooming young woman, with remarkably dove-like eyes that dwelt with timid, kindly curiosity upon him." [He falls sick, and she nurses him]

[Griffith is sharply repulsed by Mercy on his proposing that she shall become his mistress, and finally marries her under the name of Thomas Leicester (that of his bastard half-brother), and helps in the inn-keeping.]

"He replied by . . . commanding her never to open the doors again to Mr. Meeke; she on her side declaring she would never consent to insult a clergyman and a gentleman in order to satisfy the whim of a tyrannical husband. Upon that he called out, with a great oath, to have his horse saddled directly. . . . warning his wife that he would come back, if Mr. Meeke entered the house again, and horsewhip him in spite of his black coat, all through the village.

"With these words he left her, and rode away to the seaport where his yacht was lying."

[Mr. James Smith landed at a Scottish seaport town.] "In the course of his wandering about the town, his attention had been attracted to a decent house, where lodgings were to be let, by the sight of a very pretty girl sitting at work at the parlor window. . . . He took the lodgings on the spot."

"He had made sure that the ruin of the girl might be effected with very little difficulty; but he soon found that he had undertaken no easy conquest. . . . Whether it was cunning or whether it was innocence, she seemed incapable of understanding that his advances

"At last he grew jealous of her. There was a certain Prior de Misery . . . whom he had made his own chaplain, which obliged the priest to come to the chateau frequently. . . . At first the husband liked this increase of intimacy, but when he found that the prior continued to come to the chateau in his absence as frequently as before, if not more frequently, he took umbrage, and chose to suppose that his wife and his friend betrayed him.

"He said nothing, but took his own resolution. He quitted the army without telling his wife, and set out to travel.

"He arrived on a summer's evening at the gates of the town of Auxerre. A number of young girls were walking on the ramparts One of them attracted his admiration."

"At first he only intended to make the young woman his mistress; but as it happened she was too virtuous to agree to anything but honourable, lawful marriage, and as the Sieur de la Pivardière was very much in love, and considered that he had been irrevocably injured by

toward her were of any other than an honorable kind. . . . Either he must resolve to make the sacrifice of leaving the girl altogether, or he must commit the villany of marrying her" [which he does].

[Wanting money, Griffith returns to Hershaw Castle; is convinced that his suspicions were false; determines upon returning permanently to his first wife, but goes again to the inn to take to Mercy the money she needs.]

[The real Thomas Leicester visiting the inn during Griffith's absence, Mercy questions her husband on his return, learns his secret, and they part, Griffith returning to his first wife. Leicester reaching Hershaw first, tells of Griffith's bigamous marriage.]

"Griffith walked into the dining-room and . . . found Mrs. Gaunt seated at the head of her own table, and presiding like a radiant queen over a brilliant assembly. He walked in, and made a low bow to his guests first; then he approached to greet his wife more freely, but she drew back decidedly, and made him a courtesy, the dignity and distance of which struck the whole company. . . . Some unlucky voice was heard to murmur, 'Such a meeting of man and wife I never saw.'

"Oh!" said he [Griffith], bitterly, 'a man is not always his wife's favourite.'

"He does not always deserve to be," said Mrs. Gaunt, sternly.

"When matters had gone that length, one idea seemed to occur pretty simultaneously to all the well-bred guests, and that idea was, *Sauce qui périt*.

"Mrs. Gaunt took leave of them one by one, and husband and wife were left alone. . . . He said sulkily, 'What sort of a reception was that you gave me?'

"Go back to her," cried Mrs. Gaunt, furiously. 'False and forsworn yourself, you

[Wanting money, Smith returns to Darrock Hall, where he finds Mr. Meeke in his wife's parlor. Pointing to him]: "You shameless woman," he said, 'can you look me in the face in the presence of that man?'

[Mrs. Smith having learned from an anonymous letter of her husband's second marriage, the particulars of which she had obtained in detail by the investigation of her lawyer's clerks.]

and divided from his wife, he felt no scruple in contracting a second marriage while she was alive; although bigamy, by the laws of France, was in those days a hanging matter. He married her, notwithstanding, under his family name of Bouchet . . . becoming a simple bourgeois."

[Wanting money, he returns to Narbonne], "pretending to his wife that he was still attached to the army, and needed money to buy his promotion. She gave him all she had, and he departed to rejoin his second wife, on whom he bestowed all the money he obtained from his first."

[Madame de la Pivardière received a letter from the procurer of the Parlement at Paris concerning her husband, which opened her eyes. On the same day, a mason living near Narbonne meets M. de la Pivardière, who is on his way to the château, expecting to surprise his wife and the prior: hurrying on before him, the mason, anxious to prevent a crime, informs them of his approach.]

"He certainly found both his wife and the prior—but he also found several of the neighbouring gentry with their wives. They were all seated at dinner; and it was a friendly party instead of a guilty tête-à-tête that he disturbed. The prior seemed overjoyed to receive him, and all the guests gave him a cordial welcome: his wife alone kept her seat and did not speak to him. A lady of the company said jestingly to Pivardière, 'Is that the way to welcome back a husband after so long an absence?'

"He replied gloomily, 'I am her husband, it is true, but I am not her friend.'

"This was not likely to make the rest of the party very comfortable, and they took their departure as soon as possible. Left alone with his wife, M. de la Pivardière asked the meaning of the insolent reception she had given him.

"Go ask your wife," she replied.

"Who has taught you to come into a room and speak to a lady with your hat on?" she

dared to suspect and insult me. Ah! and you think I am the woman to endure this? I'll have your life for it! I'll have your life.' . . .

"Griffith endeavoured to soften her. . . .

"I'll soon be rid of you and your love," said the raging woman. "The constables shall come for you to-morrow."

asked, in quiet, contemptuous tones. 'Is that a habit which is sanctioned by your new wife?'

"I don't understand you" "You do," said my mistress. "Your tongue lies, but your face speaks the truth." . . .

"I tell you," she answered in clear, ringing, resolute tones, "that you have outraged me past all forgiveness and all endurance, and that you shall never insult me again as you have insulted me to-night."

"Of course, her husband stoutly denied everything; but he could not convince her. They had high words together: and at length she was overheard to say:

"You shall learn what it is to offer such an insult to a woman like me."

It is needless to pursue further a parallelism which, in all the essential points that follow, amounts to identity. The plots of these three narratives are identical in the following points:—Each is the story of a fortuneless gentleman who marries a rich wife; becomes jealous of her intimacy with a young unmarried ecclesiastic who frequents her house; leaving her, in his jealousy, meets by accident a pretty girl whom he attempts in vain to make his mistress, and marries, with a precaution as to his name designed to prevent his identification; lives happily, with his second wife, but is forced by want of money to revisit the first; meets her in the presence of guests, and is plainly repulsed by her (she having been made aware of his bigamy); on the guests leaving them, is so severely threatened by her that during the night he escapes from the bedroom, flies, and is missed when a servant goes to call him. From this point the story, in each of the three cases, follows the fate of the first wife, who is examined and put on trial for murder; is nearly convicted by the false testimony of a female servant; is saved by proof, through the co-operation of the second wife, that the husband is still alive, whereby the false servant is shown to be deserving of punishment for another crime; and, finally, is acquitted, fully exonerated from all blame. So far the events and their sequence have been the same in each, and only in the "winding-up" process do they differ. In *The Frenchman*, the husband lives in seclusion, the first wife dies, the second marries again and has many children; in *Brother Griffith's Story*, the first wife lives in seclusion, the husband living abroad with the second; in *Griffith Gaunt*, the husband lives again with the first wife, the second marries again and has nine children—which exhausts the possibilities of

disposal. In each of the three the ecclesiastical apple of discord quietly subsides into retirement.

It is difficult to know what to call this remarkable resemblance of Mr. Reade's Masterpiece to one story printed ten years and to another printed seven years before it, for the reason that the writer of the Masterpiece would probably assert that any "statement. . . which accuses me [Mr. Reade] of a literary larceny" is a deliberate intentional falsehood," and would pronounce its author a "beast." It is, perhaps, as unnecessary for us to characterize it as for the most unobservant of novel gourmandizers to do more than read the three stories in succession, remembering the dates of their appearance, to discover it for himself. Mr. Reade having denied that *Griffith Gaunt* was the work of another, there remains to him but one possible way of escape, and that but a partial escape, from a very grave conclusion; that way is to suppose that Mr. Reade wrote the article in *Household Words* in 1856. But a reader of that article will find it difficult to accept any such theory, for the reason that its style differs as much from Mr. Reade's as Mr. Reade's from Tupper's; it is dry, dull, insipid to a degree, totally destitute of the brilliant characterizations that mark all Mr. Reade's writings, and resembles a police report rather than a magazine article. But whoever wrote that, Mr. Reade is certainly not Wilkie Collins; and *Griffith Gaunt* is based upon both; containing every striking feature of either, and borrowing from each numerous details which do not appear in the other, making its plagiary—if it be a plagiary—a double one. Thus, *Griffith Gaunt* and *The Frenchman*—but not Collins's story—are minutely identical in the hero's marrying under a changed, a quasi family name; in his sinking by his

marriage to the condition of a peasant; in his household being forewarned of his return by a peasant who had previously known him; in the scene at the dinner party; and in such minor suggestions as the hero's horse going lame, the dragging of water for his body, and his use of a written document to prove his existence, from fear of arrest if he presented himself. In *Griffith Gaunt* and *Brother Griffith's Story* — but not in *The Frenchman* — are the passionate temper of the husband and the lack of congenial tastes between him and his wife; the quarrel between man and wife in the presence of the priest; the revengeful servant maid (a favourite character with Collins), whom the mistress (the first wife) strives to propitiate by gifts of clothing; the servant listening at the door; the circumstantial evidence of the husband's death; the fainting of the real wife; the sympathetic lawyer and magistrate; the interview of the first wife's emissary with the second wife; the employment of the priest's housekeeper as go-between by the innocent wife; and the visit of the latter to the priest's house. In fine, from the time of Griffith's marriage to Kate to the conclusion of the trial, the only essential features peculiar to *Griffith Gaunt* are Ryder's love of Griffith, and the personal resemblance between Griffith and Thomas Leicester, his bastard brother; and the introduction of these serves to do away with — if it was not intended to meet — notably weak places in the construction of the two other versions of the plot. It is to be noted that it is only within these limits — from the time of the marriage to the close of the trial — that the construction of *Griffith Gaunt* has escaped censure from its most favourable critics; what precedes and what follows have been nearly unanimously pronounced artistically false.

From the Watchman and Reflector.

PROF. GEORGE LAWSON.

BY EDWARDS A. PARK,

PROF. IN ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

THE readers of St. Ronan's Well have been interested in the Rev. Josiah Cargill, who forms a "character" in that novel. It is supposed that Prof. Lawson was the original of that fictitious personage. Sir Walter

Scott was a neighbor of Dr. Lawson, knew him well and revered him highly. He introduced him, with many encomiums, to the husband of Princess Charlotte, Leopold, who, by the way, cherished a life-long reverence for the Professor. The peculiarities of Lawson were exaggerated in Josiah Cargill. Sir Walter did not spoil a witticism for friendship's sake. Still the historical pastor may be detected within the folds of the Magician's parson, and the admirers of the fiction should be interested in the character on which the fiction was grounded. In this instance, as in many others, the truth is more wonderful than the romance, the *memoir* more instructive than the *novel*.

INCIDENTS OF HIS EARLY LIFE.

George Lawson was born on the 13th of March, 1749, near the village of West Linton, Scotland. His father was a ruling elder of the secession church at West Linton. Several members of this church were noted for their skill in dialectics. They were "giants in theology." They were so familiar with the treatises of Owen, Manton, Baxter and Boston, and spent so many evenings, and even whole nights, in abstruse discussions with each other, that they were called "living bodies of divinity." In their prayers, according to the usage of the day, they sometimes introduced the entire system of evangelical doctrine. One member of the church, Walter Jackson, exceeded even his brethren in the length of his devotional exercises. He was "attending a funeral at Hallmyre. The indigent company had assembled in the barn to get some refreshment, and having partaken, he was asked to return thanks. He commenced in right good earnest with the fall of Adam, and was going down from one great Bible doctrine to another, till patience was exhausted. Significant looks passed among the mourners; one by one they deserted the barn, and the funeral procession started for Newland's churchyard. When Walter came to a close, and opened his eyes, he found himself alone, and on inquiry discovered that the procession was fully a mile on its way." Such incidents illustrate the state of society in which the early character of George Lawson was formed.

As a boy George was precocious. He rarely mingled with other children in the sports appropriate to his age, and he had a distaste for manual labour. His whole soul was concentrated upon his studies. Once when leading a horse to the mill, he was so absorbed in the perusal of a book, that he

walked along dragging the bridle on the ground long after his horse had shown presence of mind enough to escape into the distant fields. He reached the mill with his book and his bridle, and then went back in search of the corn which his horse had borne away in an excursus to the retired pasturage. This is one of the incidents which gave but little promise that George would become a successful man of business. Such inexperienced boys are apt to be designated for the learned professions. George's father considered him as elected for the pulpit. He took the absent-minded boy to Mr. Mair, the village pastor, and consulted the choleric divine in regard to the boy's aptitude for the university. Mr. Mair said to the father, "I tell thee, man, he has no mother-wit. If a man want lair, he may get *that*, and if he want riches, he may get *them*, and even if he want grace, he may get *it*, but if a man want common sense, I tell thee, man, he will never get *that*."

The destiny of the boy, however, remained unaltered. He began his education for the university. His classical tutor was Rev. John Johnstone, of Enlefechan, who was the pastor of the late Dr. Beattie, of Glasgow, and also of the celebrated Thomas Carlyle. When George was fifteen years of age he was matriculated as a member of the University at Edinburgh. After an honorable career at this seat of learning, he was examined by his presbytery, and in the eighteenth year of his age admitted to the Divinity Hall. At the second session of his theological course he became the pupil of the celebrated John Brown, of Haddington, a preacher of whom the world ought to know more. Toward the close of his life the Haddington sage remarked, "I do not know whether I have been of much service in my generation, but I am happy that I have been the means of bringing up four such young men for the ministry as Andrew Swanston, George Lawson, David Greig and James Peddie." It is an interesting fact, that on the day before his death, the aged Lawson being reminded by his friends of his eminently useful life, exclaimed, "No, no. Had I been such a man as Mr. Brown of Haddington, or Mr. Johnstone of Enlefechan, I would have done far more good. I have done little, very little." This remark was characteristic of Dr. Lawson's uniform lowliness and simplicity of mind, as well as his habitual reverence for his old instructors.

HIS PASTORATE AND PROFESSORSHIP.

He was ordained minister of the secession

church at Selkirk, in 1771. In this enchanting parish he lived nearly forty-nine years, near the ruins of Newark Castle and Melrose Abbey, near the grave of Thomas Boston, and the home of his favorite writers, Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine. His popularity in his parish was unbounded. He was beloved and revered in proportion as he was known, and as his parishioners were intelligent and devout. For several years he was the pastor and intimate companion of Mungo Park, the African traveller.

In the year 1787 John Brown, of Haddington, died, and in conformity with Mr. Brown's fond anticipations, Lawson became his successor, the Divinity Hall being removed, of course, from Haddington to Selkirk. Among his theological pupils were Dr. Marshall, Dr. Balmer, Dr. Henderson, Dr. Thompson, Dr. Fletcher, Dr. Wardlaw, Dr. John Lee, Dr. John Ballantine, Dr. John MacFarlane, and nearly all the more eminent divines of the secession church during the last half century. He was particularly interested in one of his pupils, the late Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, who was the grandson of John Brown, of Haddington, and the father of Dr. John Brown, the author of "Rab and his Friends." We do not know how much the admirers of the "Spare Hours" are indebted to Dr. Lawson for his influence over the family of Dr. Brown. It was a life-long influence.

write this sketch of Lawson partly from the memoirs of him by Belfrage and MacFarlane, and partly from the fresh reminiscences obtained in conversations with Dr. Brown, his favourite and admiring pupil. The Divinity Hall of Lawson was visited with intense interest by many foreigners of distinction, among others, in 1801, by Dr. John M. Mason, of New York, who was captivated by the learning and honest piety of Lawson, and derived from him various hints in regard to the establishment of Mason's own theological school in New York city. Lawson continued in his theological professorship until his seventy-first year, when he died on the 21st of February, 1820. He died like a prince in Israel. "It is indeed my full permission and sweet hope that I shall never be separated from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus my Lord:" "All my hope and all my comfort spring out of the mercy of God, as manifested in the mediation of Jesus Christ. Here are my only stay, and strength, and consolation;" these were among his last words; and then he exclaimed, "Lord, take me to paradise!" and the Lord took him at the very utterance of that prayer.

HIS MULTIPLIED LABORS.

During the forty-nine years of his pastorate in Selkirk he was exemplary in his parochial toils. With these practical labors he combined the preparation of numerous articles for the press, many of which were not published until his decease. Among his chief works are, Discourses on the Book of Esther, Lectures on the Book of Ruth, Lectures on the History of Joseph, Exposition of the Book of Proverbs, Discourses on the History of David. He also left about eighty considerable volumes in manuscript, some of which are highly extolled by his pupils.

During thirty-three years of his pastorate he was indefatigable in his labors at the Divinity Hall. He divided his theological course into five sessions of nine weeks each. He held ninety-six public exercises with each of his classes during every session, continued each of these exercises an hour and a half, and thus spent seven hundred and twenty hours with each of his classes during its entire course. He was distinguished for the personal interest which he manifested in each one of his three hundred and ninety pupils. He labored first of all, for their religious welfare; next for their severe intellectual discipline, and thirdly, for their ability to express in an engaging way what they had thought and what they had felt.

HIS INTEREST IN ELOCUTION.

With all his profound studies he combined an uncommon zeal for cultivating the art of speech. An unusual proportion of his scholars became eloquent in their delivery. He was wont to rehearse various incidents illustrating the power of voice and gesture to make ideas effective. One of these incidents has a striking resemblance to an event which occurred at the Old South Church in Boston in the last century. Dr. Alexander Fletcher, of London, after completing his theological studies with Lawson, passed the first two years of his ministry in a collegueship with his father, a clergyman of Perthshire. When the father preached, the congregation was small; when the son preached, the house was crowded. The father's sermons elicited no encomium from the people; the son's were extravagantly eulogized. The father became jealous and irritable. Human nature lingers in even old divines. At length the son borrowed one of his father's sermons, and on the following Sabbath preached it *memoriter* with

unusual emphasis and animation. The hearers "were louder than ever in praise of the juvenile orator, and one worthy remarked, 'The old man never preached a sermon in his life equal to that.' On entering the manse Alexander found his father alone, and having adverted to the matter, asked him, 'Father, is that satisfactory?' 'O, ay, quite satisfactory,'" was the answer of the old divine, who became no longer jealous of his son's reputation. He probably consoled himself with the faith so natural to a dull speaker, that he had the *sense* and his boy had the *sound*, as another aged pastor in Scotland said to young Fletcher, after the youthful orator had entranced the septuagenarian's congregation: "Well, Sandie, I must admit you're very *sound*, but, oh, man, you're no deep."

Dr. Lawson was noted not only for his childlike spirit, and ingenuous heart, and unwearied diligence, but also in a striking degree for

THE STRENGTH OF HIS MEMORY.

He was accustomed to enter his lecture-room without his Hebrew Bible, and expound a chapter or a Psalm of the Old Testament, with frequent references to the original, just as if the original lay open before him. In conducting an examination of his class on the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, he sometimes had no Bible before him, and when he had one, it lay often upside down upon his desk; but whether right or wrong side up, whether opened or shut, whether on his table or not there, he quoted its phrases and words just as if he was reading them. He could repeat the Epistles of Paul in the original Greek as fluently as the hymns of his childhood. So in his conversations with his friends, he would often refer to the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, and recite lengthened passages from them, when his friends were unable to recall even the English translation. He had devoted a large part of his youth to the discipline of his memory. While he was a theological pupil at Haddington, he went to the school at the opening of one of the sessions, without his Hebrew Bible. His trunk was small, and he could not crowd the somewhat bulky volume into it. Several lengthened passages of the Hebrew had been "prescribed for that session, and the day came when Lawson was called upon to read them. He stood up and commenced the lesson. The professor noticed that he had no book in his hand, and asked the explanation. 'I could not conveniently bring my Hebrew Bible,' he replied, 'but I do not

require one, I have committed to memory and can repeat it all;" i. e. all which had been prescribed for that term of the academy.

One of his eminent pupils, Dr. Kidston, remarked to him, "Mr. Lawson, we have heard that you can repeat from memory the entire Scriptures, and that if the Bible were lost you could restore it. Is this true?" "I pray God," was the reply, "that such a calamity may never come upon the world," and then, as he oft did, shading his eyes, and passing his hand over his hair, he added, "but if it did come, I think, with the exception of two or three chapters in the Old Testament, I might restore it all. I am not sure that I could give the Proverbs in their order, but I could repeat them one way or another." Young Kidston then asked if he would submit to an examination by him. "I dare say, William, I might." The Bible was then opened at random, and Mr. Kidston proceeded to interrogate him as to the contents of such and such chapters. An analysis of the entire chapter was given first, and then he repeated every verse from beginning to end. Not satisfied with one trial, Mr. Kidston went from place to place throughout the entire Bible, and never once found Mr. Lawson at fault."

Nor was it merely the Bible which he had learned by heart. After he had perused the sermons of Ralph Erskine, he could repeat them, almost entirely, from memory. "Have you read Gibbon's History of the Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire?" was a question addressed to Lawson by a friend. "Yes, I have, but it is some thirty or forty years since," was the reply. The friend began to recite some of Gibbon's opinions. "Stop, sir, that is not the view at all which Gibbon gives," said Lawson, and, in proof, quoted a passage from Gibbon *verbatim*. The friend continued his outline of Gibbon, until he was interrupted the second time by Dr. Lawson, who quoted a second passage *verbatim*. The friend persevered in giving his abstract of the historian, and whenever he failed he was corrected by the professor, who uniformly verified his correction by citing the identical words which he had not perused for thirty or forty years. So in the private circle of his friends he would repeat for their entertainment, and without any semblance of ostentation, lengthened passages of Homer and of Anacreon in the original Greek; and he seldom needed to peruse his own sermon more than once before he could recite it *memoriter* from the pulpit.

HIS FELICITY IN CITING TEXTS FROM THE BIBLE.

He was so familiar with the inspired Word that he found pertinent scriptural readings for very peculiar occasions. Indeed, he was notorious for the aptness of his texts to the most singular circumstances in which he was called to address his people. "He was once riding to Newton to preach on the Monday after the communion. He was met by some people who told him that, on the previous day, one of the beams that supported the gallery had given way, and that though none were killed, some were seriously injured. On entering the pulpit he read out as his text: 'And David was displeased because the Lord had made a breach upon Uzzah.' At another time a wall had fallen near to his own church, and several persons were much hurt. His text on the following Sabbath was 1 Kings 20: 30, — 'But the rest fled to Aphek into the city, and there a wall fell upon twenty and seven thousand of the men that were left.'"

He sometimes carried his love of apposite texts further than the dignity of the pulpit allows. On one occasion he and several other clergymen were sitting and smoking their pipes in the vestry of Rev. Mr. Pirie, of Glasgow. (Dr. Lawson, it may be here remarked, although a pattern of abstemiousness in his food and of control over his appetites in general, was yet a lover of the pipe.) "The room was soon nebulous, and one of the party, in allusion to his well-known power to choose and pick from appropriate texts on sudden emergencies, remarked that it would be difficult for him to choose such a text as would be suitable to the smoky state of the vestry. He made no reply, but in a few minutes ascended the pulpit, and gave out for his text, Psalm 119: 83 — 'For I am become a bottle in the smoke; yet do I not forget thy statutes.'"

On one occasion a clergyman who had finished his discourse, and had forgotten that Dr. Lawson was to deliver another immediately afterward, pronounced the benediction, and thus dismissed the assembly. But the ever-ready preacher rose at once, and began his discourse with the words: "My friends, you will no doubt think it strange that the apostolic benediction has been pronounced before the close of the services; but in the 16th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, and 20th verse, you will find that Paul pronounces the blessing, and after adding some important truths,

he pronounces it a second time, verse 24th." Once he was expecting to preach the second sermon immediately after one of his persevering brethren had finished the first sermon on an important occasion; but his tenacious brother hung upon the first sermon so long as to leave no time for the second. Dr. Lawson rose, repeated the inspired words: "For brass I will bring gold, and for iron I will bring silver, and for wood, brass, and for stones, iron," and then announced that he should omit his own wooden discourse and read what is much more precious, a golden chapter of the Bible. Having recited it he dismissed the assembly. He was an omnivorous reader, and once delivered a free lecture in the Divinity Hall on "Books." He took for his text: "And the books," and while recommending the perusal of all books which give useful information, he added: "not even excepting those which treat of the art of war; it is written in 2 Samuel 1:18—'Also he bade them teach the children of Judah the use of the bow; behold it is written in the book of Jasher.'"

His memory, though bright, was not immaculate. Once on rising in the pulpit, he announced that his text would be found in a certain verse of a certain chapter. He turned to the chapter, and found that he had made a mistake. An entirely different verse presented itself in the specified place. "What could I do," he afterwards remarked, "but just preach from the text I had given out!" And he did so, no one but himself being aware of his surprise, for his thoughts on all parts of the Bible were arranged with accurate method.

One of his Selkirk pupils was criticised by his classmates for using the term "voluntary will." "I like very well," said the teacher, "to hear you correct inappropriate human phraseology, but I do not like you to meddle with the words of God; and these words are His, as you will find in Leviticus 1:3, where it is written: 'He shall offer of his own voluntary will.' Nor is this a superfluity, put in by the translators, for the words in the Hebrew run thus." He ended by quoting the original, and pointing out the precise meaning of the words in question. But on another occasion Dr. Lawson seems inadvertently himself to have criticised the inspired language. His pupil, the same Dr. John Brown, of whom mention has been made already, had conducted the religious service at the Divinity Hall, and in his prayer had used the words, "That through death, He might destroy him that had the power of death, *that is, the devil.*"

As they were walking home, Dr. Lawson reproved him, saying, "John, my man, you need not have said, *that is, the devil*, you might have been sure God knew whom you meant." Now the fact is, as our readers are aware, the phrase which Dr. Lawson here criticised is an exact quotation from Hebrews 2:14.

HIS ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

It is natural to suppose that Dr. Lawson's rare skill in the use of biblical texts would induce other ministers to ask his counsel in their studies.

The minister of Jedburgh, fifteen miles from Selkirk, being troubled with regard to the meaning of an inspired passage which he was obliged to explain on the next day, started late in the evening for the house of Dr. Lawson, and reached it about one o'clock in the morning. The servant stoutly refused him admission to the manse at that unreasonable hour, but the minister was in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, and was resolute. He forced his way to the bedroom where Dr. Lawson had been for hours in a sound sleep. He stated his difficulties to the professor, who, although abruptly awakened, began at once to explain the text, quoted the context and various parallel passages, and entirely relieved the Jedburgh pastor's mind. At five o'clock in the morning Dr. Lawson awoke, and said that he had been dreaming about a pleasant visit from the Jedburgh minister, who came at dead of night to learn the interpretation of a biblical passage. The doctor was assured that this was no dream. He questioned the servant, who related to him the midnight interruption, and said of the visitor: "He is not in the house now, sir; he is at Jedburgh long before this time."

This, perhaps, is not an instance of Lawson's absent-mindedness, but it suggests the fact that he was habitually so absorbed in his studies as to confound the realities of life with his imaginations. Once he left his lecture-room, taking with him a student's hat instead of his own book which he was to carry home; once he was on the point of leaving his house, having put on his head a lady's bonnet, which had been left hanging on the peg where his own hat ought to have been; once walking in a copious shower, a friend took pity on him and loaned him an umbrella, which the meditative divine put under his coat through fear of wetting, and thus injuring what had been kindly loaned to him. While intent on his books his frightened servant opened his study door,

and shrieked out, abruptly, "Sir, the house is on fire!" The doctor did not intermit his studies for a minute, but simply remarked: "Go and tell your mistress; you know I have no charge of household matters."

THE APTNESS OF HIS WORD.

He was so familiar with the Scriptures that he acquired a sententious style, and his discourses abounded with apothegms which passed into the proverbs of every-day life. Many of his terse and pithy sayings are quoted at this day by the Scotch pastors. He was familiarly called "the Christian Socrates." Alluding to the monotonous energy of some men in the pulpit, he said, "He, who, as a preacher, is animated from beginning to end of his discourse, is not animated at all." Dr. Bushnell, in his recent Andover oration, mentioned several talents of a minister, and he thought of including among them a talent for sleep. Dr. Lawson once dryly observed: "One of the best preparations for preaching well is sound sleep." At another time he said, "The man who sleeps well must either have a very good conscience or a very stupid one." Urging his hearers to rejoice amid their afflictions, he remarked, "The black-bird sings sweetly with the thorn at her breast, and so should God's children when passing through their trials." He was a pacific divine, still he did not escape severe and even scurrilous assaults from other clergymen. He was a sound Calvinist, but was accused of Arminianism. He was a true patriot, but was defamed as disloyal. Alluding to the vituperations against him, he wrote: "Plato, hearing that one of his

friends had aspersed his character, replied, 'I will endeavor to live so that nobody will believe him.'" One of his former pupils attempted to console him by the words: "All we who have studied at Selkirk are determined to stand by you and to defend you as best we can." "Well, then," rejoined the affectionate instructor, "the best defence you can make is to preach well." He loved to say, "The faithfulness of my pupils to their parishes is my most imperious shield."

The raciness of Lawson's style has given an influence to his writings even when they have not been recognized as his. Plagiarists are said to have gleaned many bright words from his volumes. Dr. MacFarlane, from whose memoir I have borrowed a large part of this essay, makes the following curious statement: "A living [in 1842] and distinguished American commentator has, in his exposition of the Book of Genesis, made a most unwarrantable use of Dr. Lawson's Lectures on Joseph. From the 37th chapter to the end of Genesis, a large portion is plagiarized from the Scotch expositor,—we should say to the extent of two-thirds of the whole. Dr. Lawson's Lectures are published in two volumes, and matter to the extent of one of these is thus appropriated." "There has been a similar robbery committed lately by one of our best English divines in a recent publication on the Book of Proverbs. Page upon page is taken from Lawson, with only the most meagre acknowledgment." To be the victim of plagiarism has always been the doom of men who live buried in their books and unmindful of the outer world.

THE SAVING OF COAL.—If we are to have a continuance of weather so cold as we have experienced during the present week, every suggestion tending to save coal deserves consideration. Two or three correspondents of our contemporary, the *Builder*, wish to suggest the mixing of clay with coal. One of these correspondents thus describes a way of economizing and using small coal in Belgium. We, *Lancet*, quote his words:—"When at Liège, in Belgium, some years ago, I observed their method of accomplishing this art. Half a load of clay is shot down in the street, and one load of small coal beside it. Then commences the work of incorporating the two together with water,

something in the way concrete is made. It is then made up into small lumps, of the shape of a kidney, by the hand, and put away to dry. When required for use the pieces are packed into the grate, leaving air-space between, and resting upon a fire-lighter formed of wood dipped in resin or other inflammable liquid. One small fire-lighter, 'eight a penny' is sufficient to ignite the mass; and, in the course of half an hour, the whole is well lighted, and gives out more heat than the ordinary coals. Once placed in the grate, they should never be stirred on any consideration, and the fire will then last for fourteen hours.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MEMORIES OF MOSCOW.

BY EDWARD DICEY.

RUSSIA is a country about which it is very hard to avoid exaggeration. You may dwell upon its splendour, you may dilate upon its squalor; and each description will be literally true. But yet neither the colour of the rainbow on the one hand, nor all the shades of sepia on the other, will suffice to paint Russia faithfully. You have to use both in turn, and avoid all neutral tints, if you wish to produce anything like an accurate portraiture of this extraordinary land. If, indeed, I wished to give any one a view of Russia under its fairest aspect, I should recommend him to travel straight from London to St. Petersburg, making no stoppage on the way; to drive from the Western to the Southern Terminus without casting a glance around him; to take a ticket direct to Moscow, only peeping through the frost-covered window-panes from time to time, to see that all around was cold, and bleak, and cheerless; and then, if he could find a closed carriage awaiting him at the station, to drive to the Kremlin Terrace, timing his arrival so that he could see it, as I saw it the other day, in the still glare and pale glitter of a northern sunset. If he failed, looking on the scene, to feel that the toil, and cost, and weariness of the journey was more than repaid by that wondrous spectacle, the Telemachus to whom I had acted as Nestor must be devoid of the true roaming spirit.

You pass through the Holy Gateway, raising your hat from your head as you do so in obedience to the custom of the place, and then find yourself upon a broad wide terrace. All around you, on every side, there rise minarets and domes of gold. Behind you is a confused mass of battlements, and towers, and spires, which you know can be none other than the Kremlin Palace. At your feet, some two hundred yards sheer below the spot on which you stand, there flows the narrow Moskowa, down whose rapid stream great blocks of snow drift and float sparkling in the sunlight; far away on the flat plain upon the other side of the stream, the city of Moscow lies stretched beneath you. There is not a house in this vast mass of buildings like anything on which you have looked before. The flat green iron roofs are interspersed with countless turrets and domes. Hardly a puff of smoke rises from the silent city; the air is

clear, and cold, and still; the only sounds seem to come from the clanging of the church bells, wafted by the wind across the river. In the dim west is the long low range of the Sparrow Hills, across which Napoleon's armies advanced on Moscow. If the French legions looked on Moscow for the first time on such an evening as that on which I saw it last, when the sky was tinted with a hundred shades of colour, fading from warm crimson to cold gray, and when the green roofs shone like emeralds, and the gold domes dazzled your eyes with their exceeding brightness, they must have felt much as the Ten Thousand did centuries ago, when at last they caught sight of the longed-for sea, and laid down their arms, and shouted "Thalatta! Thalatta!"

There are old men still living in the city who can remember what Moscow was before the great fire, in which not only the "Grande Armée" but the fortunes of Napoleon came to ruin; and they say that the town as we see it now is nothing to what it was in the days of their fathers. But old men are apt to see anything through a sort of moral inverted telescope; and I doubt myself whether threescore years ago the barbaric splendour of the Muscovite capital could have been greater than it is to-day, or the contrast between its gorgeousness and its shabbiness more marked than now. The wooden houses, as you see them in this year of grace, must be very similar to those in which Russians dwelt of old. The walls of the palaces were left standing by the fire, and the wealth of the empire has been employed to make the new Moscow as splendid as the old — not, I think, in vain. Certainly the view of Moscow as I have attempted to describe it, is of its kind unequalled. The views of Prague from the Hradschin Palace, of Pesth from the Blocksberg forts, are similar, but to my mind far inferior.

As long as you keep within the Kremlin, the glitter of enchantment hangs over you. The very ground you tread on is holy ground. About you, you may see peasants turning, time after time, towards the East, crossing themselves with an infinity of signs, kneeling before pictures of the Saviour or the Virgin, lying at times prostrate upon the cold hard stones which surround the sacred shrine. And here it is not as in Catholic lands, where the way-worshippers are chiefly women and children, where grown-up men kneel but seldom in public, and where the prayers recited are gabbled over, like a lesson learnt by rote. Here, as elsewhere in Moscow — and to a great, though a less extent, in St. Petersburg — the ma-

for part of the population, no matter what their sex, or age, or rank, seem to share in this open-air worship, and pray aloud with a fervour whose accents are unmistakable. Entering the Kremlin shrine, the sense of glamour, of which I have spoken, increases on you. The building you look upon is the kind of edifice you see in dreams, and do not expect to meet in real life. Critics say it is of depraved style, false to every true principle of art, unsightly in construction, barbarous in ornamentation. It may be so; I do not dispute the verdict of experts; I can only say that I do not envy persons who are not carried away at first by its overwhelming gorgeousness. From the pavement to the summit of its lofty domes, supported on its vast porphyry pillars, it is one mass of gold and colour. You can hardly put your hand upon a place not decorated with stones and jewels. Amethyst and onyx, jasper and opals, and all the stones whose names are recorded in the adornment of Solomon's Temple, seem to have been employed to make the shrine more splendid still. Upon the dusky portraits of the Virgin Mother and her Child, with which the walls are covered, you see hanging necklaces of diamonds, strings of jewels, each one of which must be worth a fortune. It is a common saying that all the wealth of all the Russias could not suffice to buy the treasures in this the cathedral church of Moscow; and I suppose that, if purchasers could be found to buy all the articles contained there at their nominal price, the amount realized by the sale would be something fabulous. The very walls are wrought of silver; the roof is of solid gold. The odd thing is, that all this gorgeous splendour harmonizes with itself. There is nothing tawdry, or gewgawish about it at all: the dim twilight in which the church is always sunk subdues the glare of its colours; and when at times, as I chanced to see it, a ray of the setting sun shines through the windows of the lofty cupola, golden beams shoot through the gloom, and are reflected back again by the burnished walls. I recollect a lady telling me once, that she found, in reading the Bible to the paupers in a workhouse, that the only parts which served to wake their languid interest were the stories of the new Jerusalem, with its golden gateways and jewelled thrones. And so, I fancy, to the poor, hungry, half-clad peasants, who crowd day by day into the sacred shrine, the glimpses of its glories must have a charm not altogether of the earth earthy.

Not a stone's throw from the Kremlin, at

the foot almost of the castellated walls with which the palace is surrounded, you pass into an open square which appears to belong to another world from that you have just left behind you. That immense low block of one-storied buildings, faced with gaudily-painted stucco, peeled and broken from the walls, is the Gostinnoi-Dvor, the great mart of Moscow. Entering by any one of the gateways, you see before you a very labyrinth of dark passages, and hear a confused jargon of many voices. If you have ever been through Leadenhall Market, and can fancy that the passages were made of stone, and that the place was darkened, you will have some slight conception of the look of this, the greatest bazaar in the whole of Russia. On to the dark corridors, crammed with a dense crowd pacing constantly up and down, open the shops of the merchants. A picture of the Saviour hangs wherever the corridors intersect, and the glare of the lamps suspended before it only serves to make the general gloom more visible. Each corridor is more or less strictly reserved to one class of traders; but there is not much outward display on their open counters; and the interiors of the vault-like shops are so dark that it is difficult to see what sorts of goods are piled up on the long layers of shelves. But, as you pass along, the merchants call to you from their doorways, and offer you wares of every form and class and fashion. I suppose there are not many articles in the world you might not obtain in this enormous depot; and the traders are ready to do business with you for a kopeck or a million roubles, just as you choose. In one row there are furs enough to clothe all St. Petersburg; in another there are as many shoes and boots as would be found in Northampton and Stafford. There are yarns and cottons and Manchester goods, and Sheffield cutlery, and French silks, and German leather; and every article, in fact, which can possibly be smuggled across the frontiers. Then there are the Persian stalls, where Armenians in high dark fur caps sell Astrakhan wool and Persian silks and arms studded with stones. On other counters there are displayed all sorts of Circassian silver ornaments, cigarette cases, match-boxes, filagree caskets, crosses, and amulets; and, if you ask for anything better, and look like a possible purchaser, the shopman will take, from some queer hiding-place concealed beneath his clothes, little dirty papers, which, on opening them, are found to contain turquoises and pearls and diamonds. There

also are the money-changers, seated behind desks covered with immense piles of silver roubles and copper kopecks. You would think that in this community of traders, who do business with all parts of the world, you would find no difficulty in making yourself understood in some one of the Western tongues with which most travellers are acquainted. But the impression would prove, on putting it to the test of experience, to be a rash delusion. You are here in Russia proper, and nobody knows any language except the native tongue. With the aid of fingers, and chalking numerals upon the counter, you can with difficulty arrive at the price asked for any article; and then, if you need it, you offer a third of the price demanded, as a mere matter of course. Supposing you are a real Russian, you walk away at the first refusal, pretending not to look behind you; the merchant watches you all the time, trying to look as if he never noticed you; and then you return and walk off again, till at last the game of hide-and-seek is played out, and you and the vendor have come to some satisfactory compromise. It so happened that, while I stopped in Moscow, I was present at the completion of a contract between an English manufacturer and an immensely wealthy Moscow merchant. The terms which could alone be accepted were stated by our countryman at the commencement of the interview. The purchaser was resolved to buy from the beginning, and yet nearly two full days' negotiations were required before the contract could be completed. Whenever any demand the buyer made was not acceded to, he left the room, declaring he would break off the negotiation, but he invariably returned to say he had thought better of the matter when he discovered the vendor did not send to fetch him back again. Yet, according to my friend's statement, this customer was less troublesome than most of the purchasers he had to do business with.

Supposing you wish to see a yet more elementary phase of commerce than that of the Gostinnoi-Dvor, you have only to step across a street or two; and, right in the heart of the town, you find yourself in Jewry-land. There, in a couple of open streets, the old clothesmen of Moscow carry on their trade. The place has a family likeness to Petticoat Lane, or the Juden-Gasse in Frankfort, or the Ghetto at Rome, or any other of the Israelite exchange-marts scattered throughout the world. But yet it has a character of its own. Except that the poor Russian Jews

are a shade dirtier, if possible, than their Christian fellows, they are, in dress, and manner, and look, the counterpart of ordinary Moujiks. Everybody is screaming; everybody is gesticulating; everybody is bidding down everybody else. The street is so crowded that you can hardly make your way through it: half-a-dozen hucksters at once pull you by the sleeve, or catch your coat-tails, or stand right in your path, or resort to any possible expedient to attract your attention to the quality of the slops they have for sale. You must want something, or else you would not be there at all; and, acting on this pre-conceived theory, the rival peddlers think that your resolute refusal to look at old hats as good as new, or greasy furs, or patched coats, covers the intention to make some more important purchase.

However, old clothes and fleas have a natural affinity for each other; and it is a luxury to be taken from the noisy bustle of the market into any one of the great traktirs which surround the mart. A traktir is not exactly a restaurant, nor exactly an exchange; it is something between the two — a place very much in its purport like Garway's or the Baltic Coffee House, if you suppose eating to be the principal, and business the subsidiary, object of these establishments. But, though other lands have eating-houses where business is transacted, nowhere that I know of except Russia can you find a traktir. Take the great Moskovski Traktir, as an example, — the place where the chief tea merchants in Russia have, as it were, their house of call. You go up a broad flight of stairs from the street, have the folding-doors thrown open to you by a servant in livery, and find yourself in an atmosphere of delicious warmth, after quitting the cold bleak air without. Servants are waiting at the head of the stairs to take off your furs; and then you look around you. You stand in a long vaulted room, filled with sofas and with tables. On one side is an immense bar; at the end is a monster organ. The place, with its arched roof, and rich hangings, and lamps swinging from the ceiling, and snow-white divans, has an Arabian Nights' air, which is heightened by the appearance of the servants, who move swiftly and silently about. All dressed alike in white tunics and trousers, all tall, strong-built men, with long smooth hair parted in the middle — they look like the slaves of an Eastern Sultan, such as one used to fancy them in the days when the Three Calenders and Sinbad the Sailor

used to people one's dreams by night. You might eat or drink anything in this *traktir*, and the cooking is renowned; but tea is the staple article of consumption. Before you have been a day in Russia you learn the words for "a cup of tea;" and indeed the attendants would take it for granted you wanted tea, if they did not understand your pronunciation of the "stack an tchai,"—this, on the principle of the defunct "Fonetic Nuz," being the nearest approximation I can form to the probable spelling of the words in question. You are brought forthwith two white teapots—one large, the other small; the former containing water, the latter tea. You first—if you wish to follow the proper routine—fill your glass tumbler half full with water; then, when the glass is thoroughly warmed, empty the water, put in a couple of lumps of white sugar; then pour out half a tumbler full of tea, and weaken it with water. Then insert a slice of lemon; and, if your mouth is fireproof enough to drink the beverage while it is scalding hot, you will get better tea than it has ever been my fortune to drink elsewhere. There is no doubt the glass retains the heat much longer than a porcelain or crockery cup would do; but then, as there is no handle, and as the glass is as hot as hot can be, it is not easy to lift it. To avoid this difficulty, you must either put your head down to the glass, or hold the bottom in the hollow of your hand, neither of which methods of imbibing is considered elegant at home. Everybody around you sips his tea placidly; most of the company cross themselves before they raise the glass to their lips; and almost all sip between puffs of smoke. Those who do not, you may be pretty sure, belong to the old Russian Church, which, on the strength of the text that "not what goeth into the mouth, but what cometh out of the mouth, defileth a man," regard smoking as a deadly sin. Cigars, if you choose to pay fifteen pence a-piece for them, are to be had, of good quality enough. Cigarettes are smoked more than any other form of tobacco; but the most luxurious mode of smoking, to my mind, is to be found in earthen pipes, with their long cherry-stick stems. The servant brings one to you, fills it in your presence with the fragrant Turkish yellow tobacco, lights it, inhales a whiff or two to set it well alight, and then, having wiped the mouthpiece carefully, passes it to you. If you draw in your breath steadily and slowly enough, you may make one pipeful last half an hour or more. And, when you are tired with sight-seeing or fol-

lowing in the footsteps of princes out upon a tour—than which I know of no occupation more vexatious to the mind and body—you can hardly, I think, pass time more pleasantly than in sitting on a sofa, sipping tea, and watching the wreaths of smoke curl upwards in the air. The people about do not, as in the eating-houses of all other countries, disturb you by the jingle of their knives and plates, and the chatter of their voices. Russians, I fancy, are not amongst themselves a talkative people. The peasants—so one who knows them well assures me—sit habitually silent when they are at home. And the Russian accent is by no means a harsh one when spoken. In listening to it it sounds somewhat like English, with all the hard sounds taken away. Though soft as Italian to the ear, it has nothing of its fulness or its strength. It would not, I think, be reckoned well-bred to talk very loudly in a *traktir*; but indeed the buzzing of such conversation as there is is overpowered by the peal of the organ. No true Russian restaurant, however humble, can be without music of some kind. The merchants and brokers and the factors who frequent the "Moskovski," would transfer their custom at once to another establishment if any one in Moscow could boast a better organ. The one at this place was built expressly for it in Wurtemberg, at a cost of some three thousand pounds, and plays at least a score of opera tunes. So all day long and any day this great barrel-organ grinds forth airs from "Faust" and "Dinorah" and the "Traviata" and "La Belle Hélène." I think, if I were an *habitué* of the establishment, I should grow tired of hearing the air "Di Provenza il mar il sol" played two or three times every evening; and it is rather contrary to English notions of business that bankers and merchants should want a barrel-organ to play to them when they meet on business. But, after all, if the Russians had no worse failing than a child's love for musical boxes, nobody—except perhaps Mr. Babbage—would hold this trait to be a proof of national depravity.

When you have seen the Kremlin, and the churches, and the bazaar, and the *traktirs*, and the hospitals—for which the city has a high, and I believe deserved, reputation—you have pretty well exhausted the actual sights of Moscow. But, to anybody fond of wandering about anywhere in general, or nowhere in particular—it comes to much the same in the long-run—Moscow is a town you do not easily get tired of. It is true that a thermometer long below

freezing, and an icy cold wind which seems to drive all the blood out of your face, are not favourable circumstances for lounging about an unknown city. But the experienced loungeer accommodates himself to necessity, and makes the best of it. The charm of Moscow to the *flâneur* consists in its never-failing contrasts. The churches are splendid; that of the Kremlin being only the most brilliant of a brilliant company. The theatre, so Muscovites say, is the handsomest in the world. Without allowing thus much, it may be fairly said to be one of the handsomest. Of colossal size, standing alone in the centre of a vast square, it seems to belong of right to a city of palaces. So also the Foundling Hospital, barrack-like as it necessarily is, is still worthy to rank high amidst European public edifices. Scattered about the streets there are a number of grand palaces, all built since the great fire, and all therefore placed in their position at a recent date; yet these very palaces are surrounded by the low squalid dwellings of which Moscow is mainly composed. There is not, somehow, any air of absolute misery about the shabby streets and the rows upon rows of dilapidated barn-like dwellings which run at every angle, and in every direction, right up to the Kremlin itself. Judging simply from an outside glance, I should say the inhabitants had clothing enough to keep them from severe suffering by cold, and bread enough to fill their stomachs, and wodka enough to get drunk upon at all appropriate periods. The strange feature about Moscow is the utter absence of the *bourgeois* houses you see in other towns. If you are a prince you can doubtless get lodged luxuriously enough; if you are a peasant you can pig beneath a roof not more wretchedly than your class does in other countries—better perhaps than you could do in Dorsetshire; but, if you were neither a prince nor a peasant, and required an eight-roomed house or a small flat for yourself, you would hunt about Moscow a long time before you found your want satisfied. In Russia generally, and in Moscow especially, a middle-class hardly exists, and therefore no preparations are made to supply its wants. The only persons with moderate incomes in the whole country are the officials, and they are miserably underpaid and poor. An officer of high rank, whom I met travelling the other day, informed me that his pay of 150*l.* was utterly insufficient to support him, and that he should literally be in want, if he did not carry on a private business as a sort of nondescript broker. Rightly or wrongly,

every official in the country is regarded as *primâ facie* corrupt; and, considering the price of living, and the scale of government pay, it is impossible they should be regarded as otherwise. It may give you some notion of Moscow prices to say that, at a second-rate hotel, my bill, not including extras or attendance, was 1*l.* a day; and yet the hotel was frequented by English travellers because it was considered to be moderate in its charges.

But I am wandering from the streets. One is the very image of every other. The houses are whitewashed, lined with great strips of red and blue paint, decorated with gilt signboards, showing the nature of the articles sold within. Shops and trades are jumbled together in the oddest juxtaposition. Here there is a French *coiffeur*, where you have your hair brushed by machinery, and can buy Pivet's gloves; next door there is a cobbler's stall. Close to a printer-shop, where you see all the pictures one knows so well by sight in Regent Street or the Rue de Rivoli, is a shed where coloured prints of the lives of the saints—prints in the very infancy of pictorial art—flutter in the wind. A milliner's establishment, where *modes de Paris* are advertised for sale, is flanked by a wodka store and a sausage shop. The streets are intersected with ruts, dotted over with holes; and yet the small-built Russian horses drag the droshkis over them at a speed which would astonish a London cabman. Except in the great streets, there is no gas, and even here it is brought round in immense cans, and pumped into the lamps. Some day or other, soon, Moscow is to be supplied with gas-works; but Russia is a country where improvements without end are about to be introduced some day or other soon. In a queer, odd, shiftless way, the trade carried on here must be enormous. Every afternoon you see immense strings of one-horse carts, heavily laden with packages, going out into the country. The profit on retail transactions is enormous, and people who understand how to deal with the peasants make fortunes rapidly.

It would be absurd for a man who has only been a couple of weeks in Russia to undertake to express any opinion about the national character. Nobody, I think, can avoid feeling the charm of the manners of the educated Russians; nobody, on the other hand, can avoid the sensation that the common people belong to a lower grade of civilization than any we are accustomed to in the West. If you are to make an objection to the higher classes, it would be that they

are too wellbred, and too cosmopolitan in manner. I have heard it said by a friend, given to paradox, that a mutual acquaintance talked too like a clever man to be really clever. And, in much the same way, I have sometimes felt a passing doubt whether the Russian gentlemen I have met with could possibly be so polished, so sensible, and so liberal as I should suppose from their conversation. Proverbs about nations always lead you astray; but still, when you are conversing with educated Russians, you cannot help feeling a desire, provided you are at a safe distance, to see what would be the result of administering the proverbial scratching process. On the other hand, even the most ardent of philo-Russians cannot attempt, in describing the peasantry, to say anything higher than that they look dirty and degraded.

It is curious to any one who has heard much about the incapacity of the negroes for freedom in consequence of their racial development, and their unwillingness to work except under compulsion, and their inevitable relapse into barbarism if left to take care of themselves, to hear exactly the same argument applied in conversation here to the Russian peasants, whose defects, whatever they may be, do not arise from their being descendants of Ham. I am told here constantly that the emancipated serfs will not work, that emancipation has proved a failure, and that the peasants would be glad to have the old system restored. On the other hand, the foreign resident merchants I have met, who have come here to make money, and are by no means disposed to sentimentalism of any kind, are one and all in favour of the emancipation, because it has already given such an impetus to trade. If we put the two accounts together, the real state of the case seems not difficult to explain. Both parties agree that the Moujiks will work very hard for a time; and both agree that they have fits of insuperable indolence and drunkenness. The truth is, their wants are exceedingly few, and easily gratified. They work hard enough to keep themselves in what they consider comfort, and then, like other workmen, in all parts of the world, they decline to work more. As they become educated and civilized, their wants increase, their notion of comfort is raised, and, in consequence, they work harder. The old proprietors, who can no longer get their work done below the market price of labour, complain that the country is going to rack and ruin. The foreign employers, who pay wages, and have no longer to compete

with unpaid labour, are well satisfied with the new state of things. Meanwhile, I heard two facts from reliable sources, which seem to me to show, as far as they go, that the emancipation is not working badly. Since the abolition of serfdom, the population of Moscow has increased by fifty thousand souls. This influx is solely due to the crowds of serfs who, as soon as they are set free to go where they will, have come into the great cities, where they can get higher wages for their labour. Again, a manufacturer who employs some twenty odd thousand workmen assured me that, since the abolition of serfdom, he finds it difficult to get labour during harvest-time, because all the peasants have taken to cultivate small plots of ground of their own.

But considerations like these lie rather out of the province of an article containing a few random reflections of some three days spent in Moscow. If you want to keep up your illusions about Russia, you should not, I fancy, look much below the surface. If you want to retain your impression of Moscow in all its splendour, you should look down upon the city from above, not descend into its streets. St. Petersburg is strange at its first aspect, and unlike the cities which we know in the West; but, when you come back to St. Petersburg from Moscow, you seem to have come back to a commonplace European city. A foretaste of the East hangs about Moscow; you feel that you are standing on the extreme threshold of European civilization. In St. Petersburg, Europe has conquered Asia; but in Moscow the struggle is still undecided. The water-carriers still ply their trade about the streets; Turks, and Armenians, and Persians may be seen amongst the crowd at the market-places, looking more at home than the German traders in hats and trousers. And, when you leave Moscow behind you, you feel that you have caught a glimpse of a new and unknown world,—of a civilization that is other than our own.

From the Saturday Review.

BROADSIDES.*

WE never saw a more miscellaneous collection than this, but a good deal may be picked up from it. In point of chronology

*Catalogue of a Collection of printed Broad-sides in the possession of the Society of the Antiquaries of London. Compiled by Robert Lemon, Esq., F.S.A. Published by the Society of Antiquaries of London, 1866.

it ranges from 1513 to 1862—from a bull of indulgence of Leo the Tenth to an Order in Council of Queen Victoria, ordering the Prince of Wales to be prayed for as Albert Edward instead of merely as Albert. There is what one may call an accidental character about the whole collection. Not only are things of all kinds jumbled together, but it is hard to see why one thing should be there and another not. Except an election for Pontefract in 1812, the broadsides about which fill several pages, no subject seems to be, so to speak, worked out. A complete collection of Orders in Council altering the names of the Royal Family in the Prayer Book might have a certain value, and there would be nothing wonderful in beginning such a collection with the last two of the kind. But the last two have an odd effect when they are put all by themselves among a mass of odds and ends of every possible kind. As far as we can see, there is no arrangement in the collection but such as is purely chronological. We should have thought that the Society of Antiquaries would have done well to sort its broadsides. Instead of putting down simply in the order of date any printed paper that comes, it would surely be better to attempt some sort of arrangement by subjects. Ballads, Election Papers, Advertisements, endless other classes, at once occur to the mind. And we suspect that a collection arranged in this way would have a greater tendency to increase than it is likely to have at present. The beginnings under any particular class might be very imperfect, but the mere fact that it was a particular class would give it a greater interest. A thing which, when alone, or in incongruous company, seems mere rubbish, often has a value as part of a series. We certainly fancy that people who have any turn for such things would be much more likely to give, and to collect with the object of giving, if their gifts were to go towards completing a series of some particular kind, than they are now when their collections seem to be thrown together into a mere chronological chaos, in which there is no sort of connection of subjects between each piece and its immediate neighbour.

Still the collection is curious throughout, and the papers in the earlier part are often of some historical importance. They always give us an insight into popular feeling, they sometimes supply distinct evidence as to actual facts. The author of the Introduction, who is not Mr. Lemon, but an any-

mous and rather meagre substitute, mentions one curious case at length. At the baptism of Charles the Second all the Bishops and other Peers who were in and about London were invited to the ceremony, except the well known Williams, then Bishop of Lincoln. Bishop Hacket, in his *Life of Williams*, represented his hero as saying that he was as well away, as he could not have joined in the prayer put forth by Laud, which contained the words, "Double his father's graces, O Lord, upon him, *if it be possible*." This, as Williams rightly enough said, was "to confine the goodness and almightiness of the Lord;" it was "three-piled flattery and loathsome divinity." Such an excellent handle as this was naturally not neglected by Laud's enemies, then or now. The expressions were quoted by Mr. Brodie and Mr. Hallam. But the latter writer, as the author of the Introduction truly says, "with characteristic candour," withdrew his censure on the authority of Mr. Todd, who produced a copy of Laud's Devotions in which the prayer occurred, without the most offensive words, "if it be possible." The conclusion of course was that Williams had misrepresented his enemy and misled Hacket. But here we have the Form of Prayer itself on a broadside, and it seems that, though Williams's quotation was not quite accurate, yet the offensive words "if it be possible" do occur, so that Williams's censure was substantially just. Of course the conclusion now is that Laud in transcribing, or his editor in reprinting, the form in the collection of Laud's Devotions, struck out the objectionable words.

Many of the broadsides are of course illustrated by wood-cuts, several of which are judiciously reproduced in this volume. Who does not know the cuts of martyrs at the stake which form the most attractive feature of Foxe's Acts and Monuments? To be sure, place, number, sex, are not much attended to. A cut of five men burned in Smithfield will do equally well for six women burned at Canterbury. Are they not all martyrs all the same? Of course when a Protestant gets burned, we are to weep for him; but what are we to do when a Protestant burns other people? It seems that according to orthodox Elizabethan precedent, we are to mock at him, according to the good old rule of all religious persecution from Annas and Caiaphas onwards. Here we have a heretic of the year 1583, some unlucky Socinian or Anabaptist, drawn tied to the stake with a countenance and gestures evidently designed to provoke

the merriment of orthodox beholders. Here is so much of the broadside about him as the Editor gives us:—

A declaration of the death of John Lewes, a most detestable and obstinate Hereticke, burned at Norwich the xviii. daye of September, 1583, about three of the clocke in the after noone.

To the tune of John Carelesse.

"As sure as now thou shalt be burnt before us here at stake:

So sure in Hell thou shalt be burnt, in that infernall lake."

"Quoth he, *Thou liest*: and no more words at all, this Caytife said."

Imprinted at London by Richard Jones, dwelling neere Holburne Bridge. October 8.

We do not mean to put the sisters on a level; Mary burned two hundred and seventy people in a reign of five years, Elizabeth burned four people in a reign of forty-five years. Still to those who, with ourselves, disapprove of burning at all, this is only a difference of degree. That people were burned for heresy in the reigns both of Elizabeth and of James the First is a fact which, we believe, comes under the head of "things not generally known." We look on it as a thing which should be generally known, and we look to Mr. Froude to help us when the time comes. If we rightly remember, John Foxe himself pleaded earnestly against the burning. Not that the heretic was to live, but only that he was to be slain some other way. The detestable and obstinate heretic was not to be burned, because burning was a form of death halloved by the true martyrs, and of which Socinians and Anabaptists were not worthy.

Heretics naturally lead us to traitors. It is worth knowing that heads were to be seen on Temple Bar less than a hundred years ago. The heads were stuck on long poles, and they stayed there longer than one would have thought. The last pair of heads exhibited stayed from 1746 to 1772. The head of Sir William Perkins of Parkyns, executed in 1696, was still on the Bar in 1715, when the head of a certain Major Sullivan was set up beside it. This called forth a dialogue in a broadside, headed

Perkins against Perkin: a Dialogue between Sir Wm. Perkins and Major Sullivan, the Two Loggerheads upon *Temple-Bar*, concerning the present juncture of affairs.

A broadside of 1615 has a picture of the famous Mrs. Turner, much less rude than

many of them. She is in deep mourning; the figure of "Lady Pride, lasciviously dressed out," and who holds a dialogue with Mrs. Turner, is not given us. Mrs. Turner's ruff, starched no doubt according to the recipe of her own invention, is well marked.

Elsewhere is a woodcut of the return of Prince Charles from Spain and his reception by his father. The British Solomon, with royal robes on his back, his crown on his head, and the orb reposing on a cushion behind him, rushes out to embrace his son. The Prince, booted and spurred, kneels uncovered, and receives the fatherly greeting somewhat passively; at any rate he does not fairly look his parent in the face. Behind are people throwing up hats, lighting bonfires, and having tankards of ale or wine brought out to them. Let the contemporary poet describe the scene:—

The High and Mighty Prince Charles, Prince of Wales, &c. The Manner of his arrivall at the Spanish Court, the Magnificence of the Royall Entertainment there; his Happy Returne, and hearty welcome both to the King and Kingdome of England, the fifth of October, 1623: Heere lively and briefly described, together with certaine other delightful passages, observable in the whole Travaile.

"... no tongue can halfe expresse
The ravisht Countreys wondrous joyfulness,
The peoples clamour, Trumpets clangor,
Of Drums, Fife, Violls, Lutes, these did
Loud Cannons thundring from the Castels,
And Ships, shooke Ayre and Earth; all, to
Pourde healths of wine for welcomé:"

To God's glory, and the exceeding joy and comfort of all true loyall hearted subjects.

Another poet, or perhaps the same, celebrates Charles's marriage with the French princess as readily as his non-marriage with the Spanish princess:—

"Such narrow Seas runne betweene both the
Lands,
Dover and *Callis* almost may shake hands:
Let then the Ayre eccho with lusty peales,
Let our Thames leape for joy to heare our
Bells,
Bonfieres call people forth, and let them sing,
England on *France* bestowes a Wedding
Ring."

The Queen's name seems to have puzzled our forefathers. Here she is "Henrica,"

elsewhere "Henretta," but the knot was often cut by talking of Queen Mary.

We end with two extracts from the same page of very different natures. Here is one:—

A WARNING TO SABBATH BREAKERS: a remarkable Story, taken from the Theological Miscellany, Shewing the fate of three Jews, two of whom would continue their journey on the Sabbath day and consequently fell among thieves & were torn to pieces by a Bear, & the third, who observed his Sabbath, was preserved.

Here is the other:—

A Full, true, and particular account of the Birth, Parentage, and Education, Life, Character, and Behaviour, and notorious Conduct of NAPOLEONE BUONAPARTE, the CORSICAN MONSTER, alias the POISONER, who is shortly expected to arrive in England, where he means to massacre, burn, sink, and destroy. With a short description of the various Murders, Poisonings, and Assassinations committed by him and his Gang in Foreign Parts.

"Napoleone Buonaparte"—nine syllables in full—has a comforting look in these days when exaltation is marked by cutting a name short. When Cnut of Denmark (not our Cnut) was made a saint, he gained two syllables and became "Sanctus Canutus;" enthusiastic admirers likened him to Abram lengthened into Abraham. Dignity now shows itself in the opposite way. But one would like to know what would happen if any one with a name which, like Cnut's, could not be made shorter, should chance to rise as high as Canutus or Napoleon, either in this world or in the other.

From the Saturday Review.

THE LIFE AND REIGN OF GEORGE THE THIRD.*

MR. JESSE has accomplished the difficult task of writing three bulky volumes on the Life of George III. which are neither tiresome nor superfluous. Although his plan is not always consistent, he has shown skill and judgment in adjusting the proportion of historical matter to the biography and anecdote which form the most valuable portion of his

book. The narrative of the American war is perhaps unnecessarily full, but in the latter portion of the King's reign the annals of the English Court are not interrupted by superfluous details of military and political occurrences. The conquests of Napoleon have been fully recorded; and it is more to Mr. Jesse's purpose to quote the singular phrase by which George III. designated his formidable enemy than to discuss campaigns and battles. The King could not, as he told Bishop Hurd, believe that "that unhappy man" really intended to invade England. As Buonaparte was, at the time, at the summit of power and prosperity, the epithet must be understood in a moral or theological sense. It was one of the characteristic and popular peculiarities of George III. to use in perfect good faith the most flagrantly conventional language. Perhaps, in writing to a bishop, he may have unconsciously adopted even more readily than usual the language of a sermon. Mr. Jesse's readers will find ample materials for forming a vivid conception of a character which, notwithstanding extreme intellectual narrowness and grave moral defects, was original, typical, and amusing. Though George III. had little English blood in his veins, he was the model of a respectable, prejudiced, resolute, industrious, and rather stupid Englishman. He had gleams of a higher order of sagacity, but his acuteness was chiefly practical. His long experience never approached a poetic strain; but a familiarity of fifty years with public business constitutes a kind of education which is beyond the reach of private persons.

His worst faults were his obstinate personal antipathies, especially when they happened to be directed against his most illustrious or most brilliant subjects. Great public misfortunes might have been avoided if he could have forgiven the despotic haughtiness of Chatham or the factious violence of Fox. In both cases the King had received the strongest provocation, but it was his undoubted duty to prefer the interests of the country to his own private feelings. He would perhaps have made the sacrifice had he been capable of understanding that opposition to his Government was compatible with loyalty and patriotism. It must also be remembered that Chatham was chief Minister for two or three years during the reign of George III., and that Fox died in office. The King's dislike to inferior personages was for the most part readily tolerated, especially by the large section of his subjects which shared his feeling to George Grenville, to the Duke of Bedford, and to

* *Memoirs of the Life and Reign of King George the Third.* By J. Henнге Jesse. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1866.

Lord Loughborough. The monarchy has, within the last century, approached so near to a republic that a modern English Sovereign accepts without hesitation, as Minister, the chosen leader of the strongest party in the State. George III. took his prerogative in earnest, especially as he struggled, not with the great body of the people, but with a cluster of powerful families. When Fox, on two successive occasions, deliberately excluded Burke from a Whig Cabinet, the King might be excused for believing in hereditary privilege. His deficiency in humour and in imagination made him slow in appreciating constitutional and social fictions. He believed in dignitaries, preferring Lord Eldon among Chancellors, and the dry and pompous Hurd among Bishops; he laughed loudly at farces and pantomimes; he repeated the responses loudly in church; he walked on Windsor terrace with the Queen by his side, and his children following two and two; and during his entire reign he never allowed his goutiest Minister to sit down in his presence.

Mr. Jesse's Memoirs form an excellent digest of the innumerable volumes of correspondence which furnish materials for the history and biography of the reign. Nearly every conspicuous politician of the time has made posthumous contributions to the general stock, and, among more recent writers, Mr. Croker, Lord Brougham, Lord Macaulay, Lord Russell, and Sir George Lewis have illustrated their commentaries and criticisms on various published compilations with traditional knowledge of their own. Mr. Jesse also has been assiduous and fortunate in collecting oral anecdotes, and he has discovered a few unpublished letters; but the greater part of his story is unavoidably familiar to the habitual reader of political biography and gossip. The Chatham papers, the Grenville papers, the Malmesbury correspondence, the letters of Fox published by Lord Russell, the memoirs of Lord Auckland, of Mr. George Rose, of Lord Colchester, of Lord Cornwallis, form but a small part of the original sources of Ministerial and Parliamentary history. To the indolent student who wishes to combine light reading with the pursuit of a respectable kind of knowledge, no period is more attractive than the latter part of the eighteenth century. It is not necessary to visit the Record Office or to consult obscure authorities for the comprehension of intrigues and changes which are confidentially described by their own authors or by contemporary witnesses. For more than thirty years the inquirer is

accompanied and guided by the best of English letter-writers; and although Horace Walpole is unapproached by any rival, Lord Malmesbury, Lord Auckland, Mr. Hugh Elliot, Lord Loughborough, and Lord Grenville rise far above mediocrity in acuteness of observation and in literary aptitude.

Mr. Jesse is, on the whole, an impartial writer, although he displays in a moderate degree the proper passion of a biographer for his whimsical old Royal hero. In some instances he carries his candour to excess, as when he records how Washington "happily succeeded" in one of his attacks on the English troops. When George III. is not immediately concerned, Mr. Jesse would seem to be a Whig and a Reformer. The King more than once asserted that he was himself an old Whig, but he never pretended to any love for political changes. In one of his letters he informs his congenial favourite, Bishop Hurd, that Mr. Addington, who had just succeeded to office, was a friend of the Church and of our happy Constitution, and as little disposed as the King himself to reforms or supposed improvements. It is not easy to ascertain whether Mr. Jesse approves of the celebrated speeches about the Coronation Oath, which caused the postponement of Catholic Emancipation for nearly thirty years; but he collects several curious illustrations of the King's tolerance for Protestant dissent, and of his exceptional deviation into heterodoxy by habitually abstaining from repeating the responses in the Athanasian Creed. It is well known that, in his final derangement, he inclined to the communion or to the discipline of the Lutheran Church, in a vague hope of obtaining a divorce. In the good old times Western Christianity was broadly divided into the two great persuasions of Protestant and Catholic. It had never occurred to George III. that the Establishment was other than Protestant, and he was deeply impressed with his own rights and duties as the supposed Head of the Church. The present work contains an amusing letter in which the King reproves Dr. Cornwallis, Archbishop of Canterbury, for giving *rouls* in Lambeth Palace. The ingenious adventurer who lately fabricated an order of the King's for the rebaptism of a child, "to remain in force till further orders," only caricatured the Royal sentiments and style. The poor King was probably out of his mind when he once astonished the congregation of the Chapel Royal by reciting in a loud voice, with a strong emphasis on the per-

sonal pronoun, "Forty years long have I been grieved with this generation, because they have not known *my* ways."

The duration of Lord Bute's influence after his retirement from office has been the subject of controversies which are not worth prolonging. Some historical critics have thought that George III. soon became tired of his early favourite, and it is certain that the opposite impressions of contemporary statesmen were grossly exaggerated. The Duke of Cumberland, in a letter which has been often quoted, expressed an opinion that, among all his Ministers, the King was most strongly attached to Lord North and to Addington. Writing in 1709 to Lord Bute's son, Dr. Stuart, Bishop of St. David's, and afterwards Archbishop of Armagh, George III. professes his regard for him, both on account of his own merits, and as the son of "the best and truest friend I ever had." The opinions which Lord Bute had instilled into his pupil were retained to the last, for George III. never reconciled himself to the system of government by party which he was forced to tolerate. The Constitution which is now firmly established in England and in all the great English colonies was but imperfectly recognized by the nation three quarters of a century ago. The same form of government has been imitated with imperfect success in a few Continental countries; but in France, in Austria, and in the United States it is utterly rejected. The King of Prussia is now engaged in the same kind of contest in which George III. spent a great part of his life, and the result is still uncertain. It was extremely unjust to accuse the King of aiming at despotism, and it was absurd to pretend that he had succeeded in making himself absolute because Pitt had a majority in the House of Commons. Fox habitually designated the King by Dante's phrase for omnipotence — "*Là dove si puote ciò che si vuole*"; and when invasion seemed imminent, he professed to doubt whether the despotism of Buonaparte would be worse than the despotism of George III. Allowance must, however, be made for the violent language of a statesman who habitually spoke of Pitt as a villain, and who, more excusably, asserted that Addington was a fool. It is fair to Fox's memory to admit that he was ready to coalesce with Pitt, that he coalesced on friendly terms with Addington, and that in his final term of office he exerted himself with tact and success to conciliate the King.

The complacency of the English nation, in the midst of peril and under the government of incapable rulers, would have aston-

ished posterity if unreasoning confidence had not again and again been justified by the event. Insanity bore a considerable part in the history of the time, for Lord Chatham was undoubtedly deranged during 1766 and 1767, when his colleagues and the King himself vainly entreated the Minister to attend to business, or even to grant them interviews. Charles Townshend caused the American war, by his tax upon tea imported direct from China, while Lord Chatham was still the ostensible head of the Government. But for the unhappy disorder of the great statesman, although the colonies would long since have become independent, the inveterate hostility to England which forms a part of American education might perhaps never have been engendered. Five or six years later, a war with the new States, and with France and Spain and Holland, aggravated by the unfriendly armed neutrality of Prussia, Russia, and Sweden, seems scarcely to have disturbed the general equanimity. In the last years of the century, the Irish Rebellion, the Mutiny at the Nore, and the conquests of the French Republic, were regarded with the same imperturbable disbelief in the possibility of national ruin. It was known that the King was periodically insane, but no party or statesman ever proposed to restrain his interference with public affairs in lucid or partially lucid intervals of his disease. The less violent attacks were kept secret by his family and by his Ministers, who were sometimes obliged to consult the physicians in attendance before they solicited an audience. The King's antipathy to Chatham, and his coldness to Pitt, were not unlike the feelings which a patient entertains for a keeper.

When George III. was in full possession of his faculties, he was thoroughly conscientious, according to his lights, in the discharge of his public duties. No clerk in his service was more industrious or more punctual, and he repaired to a great extent the disadvantages which he had suffered by his mother's scandalous neglect of his education. His manners were dignified, and his movements and gestures on State occasions are said to have been worthy of the most accomplished actor. His conversation and his epistolary style were awkward and incorrect, but his letters could not have been more intelligible if they had been graceful and grammatical. If he had possessed more literary cultivation he would have resembled in almost all respects an old-fashioned College Don. Respectability, private morality, profound conviction of the importance of himself and his duties, and, except as to the

Athanasian Creed, unimpeachable orthodoxy, would have insured the esteem of a University, as the same qualities commanded the respect and attachment of a nation. When foreign and Irish affairs were not in question, there was some advantage in a drag on the Constitution while it was rapidly transforming itself into an unprecedented form. A king who resolutely struggled to assert the reality of a prerogative which was passing into a fiction was more estimable than a passive Merovingian puppet, or than a frivolous idler. If George III. had been a man of genius, he would either have changed the course of English constitutional history or he would have provoked a revolution. From the commencement of his final illness the personal power of the Crown has declined rapidly, although in the earlier part of the present reign sagacious efforts were made to give a meaning and an object to modern Royalty. The Prince Consort, although he failed to acquire popularity, had the great merit of teaching an entire generation to respect the Royal office. If his life had been prolonged, his labors might have produced a more lasting effect. His task would have been comparatively easy if, like George III., he had presented to the commonplace Englishman a magnified image of himself.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT AMERICA.

SIR SAMUEL MORTON PETO has published a book, which, as he pointedly and truly observes, "bristles with figures." It is an account of "the Resources and Prospects of America, ascertained during a visit to the States in the autumn of 1864." It is a book worth the studying, and though we cannot pretend to give an adequate notion of its contents, we have marked a few figures and facts for extract.

People who are accustomed to the idea of "Yankee smartness," think too exclusively of Americans as a trading and mercantile community. The country is in truth essentially agricultural. In 1860 the census showed 8,217,000 heads of families and other individuals whose occupations were recorded. Of this number, upwards of 3,000,000, or more than one-third, were directly occupied in the tillage of the soil. The merchants and clerks of the United States altogether only numbered 300,000 souls. The leading mechanical trades—

blacksmiths, carpenters, shoemakers, and the like—ranged from about 10,000 as a minimum, to 240,000 as a maximum, in each class. In fine, a complete analysis of the figures proves that upwards of *seven-eighths* of the entire population are engaged in agricultural pursuits, or in the various trades and professions materially dependent thereon.

In agreement with this fact, the most important branch of manufacturing industry in America is that of agricultural implements, which rose in value from a little under 7,000,000 dollars in 1850, to nearly 18,000,000 dollars in 1860. The great increase in this branch of manufacture has been stimulated by a grievous deficiency in the supply of agricultural labour, causing a high rate of wages, and naturally leading to invention. America, indeed, has become quite remarkable for the rapid succession of labour-saving machines which it has produced, and the value of *labour* is, no doubt, the leading cause of this. A slight improvement in "straw-cutters" enabled the inventor, in a western tour of eight months, with only a model instrument, to realise 40,000 dollars. Another inventor sold a machine for threshing and cleaning grain for 60,000 dollars. The "McCormick reaper" yields its inventor a princely income. A single manufacturer has paid as much as 117,000 dollars in a year for the use of a patent right in an agricultural machine.

On the other hand, be the value of the fact what it may, the textile manufactures of America cannot compare with those of England. In the year 1860, for which Sir Morton Peto gives the returns, we employed 30,387,267 spindles. In the United States only 5,235,727 were at work; and this, it will be observed, was before the disturbance of industry by the late civil war. If we take the *increase* in the period from 1850 to 1860 the figures are still more remarkable. The amount of raw material used in America rose in that interval from 272,527,000 lbs. to 422,704,975 lbs. To compare with these figures we have the return of British imports of cotton from the United States for 1849 as being 634,504,050 lbs., and for 1860, 1,955,982,800 lbs., or more than thrice the weight. The comparison is not less striking when made between the woollen manufactures of the two countries; and, in both cases, the article produced in America is of inferior quality.

Under these circumstances our American cousins resort to the exploded system of "Protection," as a means of encouraging the home manufacture of textile goods.

The fact is interesting, as it tends to show, in conjunction with other and more material facts, that the great progress made by America, and the originality of some of her manufactures, are the results of special circumstances, and not primarily either of greater capacity in her people, or of greater liberality in her institutions. What those circumstances may be would form a suitable subject of inquiry at another opportunity. Perhaps they would enable us to find an intelligible reason for another of Sir Morton Peto's impressive statements—for the alleged fact that *there is no such thing as Pauperism in the United States!*—*People's Magazine*.

From *People's Magazine*.

CANADA AND THE RECIPROCITY TREATY.

AN important public question is raised by the termination of the Reciprocity Treaty entered into between the government of the United States and our North American provinces. The question has its political bearings, but these lie not within our province. It is as a commercial and industrial question that we are interested in it. A problem has now to be solved which it would take a volume of goodly bulk to elucidate. Is it in the power of the United States Legislature to check the growing prosperity of our American provinces? And this involves a prior question. "Is the prosperity of the last fifteen years to be wholly accounted for by the friendly legislation of the United States?" To answer either of these questions it would be necessary to study the statistics of the trade of Canada during the last fifteen years. Such a study seems to be extant in Mr. Derby's report on the Reciprocity Treaty, made to the secretary of the United States Treasury, and criticised by one of our Quarterly reviewers in October last. But then, we are far from being certain that Mr. Derby's study is an impartial one. He speaks *complainingly* of the prospects of Canada. "From 1851 to 1861 (the period reviewed) she has increased her miles of

railway from twelve to nineteen hundred miles; she has increased her wheat and oat crops, her wool, the value of her forests, and wealth, *more than we have*, though she is naturally inferior in climate, soil, and position." The strict impartiality of a report, written in the spirit of which this is only one faint indication, may fairly be doubted. Our purpose, however, is not to comment upon the facts of the case, but to direct attention to the careful study of them. Some of our hard-headed working men, who may be in want of a subject of study connected with their special interests, will find one in a public question of this nature worthy of their most serious attention. The problem has a direct bearing on the connection between legislative action and industrial progress; and further, on the *morality* of international legislation directed against the welfare of a neighbouring people. On the latter point a few words may not be inopportune.

Is it justifiable in one nation to legislate against the interests of another? The answer involves a question of personal morality, for if the received rule of conduct for an individual be that of self-interest, it cannot, logically, be different for a nation. Statesmen have acted on this principle from time immemorial. Take down Puffendorf, for instance, and what do we find? At the end of every chapter is a discussion of what it is for the interest of every state to do in relation to other states, without the slightest pretence of regard for moral right or wrong. Thus, in the chapter on the Netherlands—"It is the interest of the Hollanders, either by goodness or cheapness of their commodities, and an easy deportment, to endeavour to draw the chief benefit of trade to themselves; *for this is the easier and less odious way to heap up riches, than if they should attempt publicly to wrest the foreign trade from all other nations.*" This, however, we call Dutch morality, by way of distinction from the Christian doctrine of free intercourse, founded on the recognition of the brotherhood of nations, in the present policy of Great Britain. Query: Is this Dutch morality to be the future policy of the United States? and if so, will a reward equal to that which the Dutch have reaped from it satisfy the mighty ambition of the American people?

THE NEW ROUTE OF COMMERCE TO
THE EASTERN WORLD.

THE approaching departure in the beginning of January, of the first steamer of the new line formed by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company between San Francisco and China will be an event in the history of commerce. This great commercial corporation — perhaps the greatest in the world — having driven off all competitors between this port and Panama, as well as on the Pacific side, having performed their service with such energy and fidelity as to make their steamers the most popular as well as the most profitable line of steamships ever run in the American waters, now attempts a new and grand experiment in commerce — namely, to connect anew the Oriental countries with America and Europe.

They are in a condition to make the effort, having a large surplus of profit and having recently increased their capital by \$10,000,000. Their whole property is said to be in value some \$30,000,000, with the good will of some of the best businesses ever enjoyed by a commercial line.

New discoveries or sudden changes in the fortunes of certain States have not unfrequently turned the commerce of the world into new channels. Venice had once the carrying trade of the world, then Portugal, then Holland, and finally England. The discovery of America, the rise of new sea powers and fall of others, changed the currents of the world's commerce.

This new and grand enterprise of sending large steamers to connect the Western Continent, over six thousand miles of ocean, with the Eastern, may be the opening of one of those new streams through the sea which bring with them wealth and fertility to distant lands. China produces largely an article of first necessity with us — tea. The voyage to New York, with transshipments on the Isthmus, must be far quicker than by any other route. What is to hinder entire the tea trade from taking this new direction — the only great change required being the packing of tea in stronger cases? All the Pacific slope of the Union, even to Denver City, must ultimately be supplied thus from that side.

The difference in time alone will be a considerable cheapening. Silks, too, and the many little luxuries and nick-nacks which we import from China, will take that route. Even after the completion of the Pacific railroad, such is the superior cheap-

ness of marine freight, all such articles for our Eastern coast would still go by sea.

But trade, to be thriving, must draw from both parties. What will California export to China? Our readers will hardly guess the first article. It is no less than *deceased Chinese*. It seems that this singular people cannot bear to be buried in foreign soil, and one of the stipulations with all the gangs of laborers who are brought over to San Francisco by their employers is that if they die their bodies shall be embalmed and sent back to the "Celestial Empire;" so that the embalmed bodies of these foreigners is already an important article of export.

No doubt, too, in time, California will send wheat and flour to China, as she already exports them to this coast. Salted fish also from Oregon, perhaps lumber, the metals, especially silver, as well as clothing and machinery, may eventually be forwarded.

The emigrant trade between the two countries will be brisk, both in going and returning, as California, under the present high rate of wages among Americans, must have cheap foreign labor; and these laborers rarely settle in this country.

The English travel from China to Europe will undoubtedly soon take this route, as quicker and more convenient. Perhaps the travel from India may also be secured; for there is no question that a first-class American line of steamers like the Pacific Mail, is superior in accommodations, elegance and speed to that of any other country.

All the Oriental luxuries will speedily find their way by this new route of commerce; and a trade may begin with Japan, China, and India, and our Western coast, such as we have no conception of now. A slight cheapening of commerce, or rise of price in an article produced, will often raise the scale of living of a whole people. A new and profitable trade between California, or the United States and the East, might enable millions of human beings in China or Japan to eat better fare and become new customers to this country.

The telegraph informs us that the leading citizens of San Francisco are celebrating the approaching important event of the departure of the Colorado for China, with a brilliant banquet. They see the immense importance of such a new commercial connection, and the possible results of moment to the world that may come forth from it. The historian of the future may also regard

it as one of the great events of this century — the first beginning of a new current in the world's commerce — the opening of a period rich in wealth and traffic to the powerful and opulent States yet to exist on the shores of the Pacific. — *N. Y. Times*.

From the People's Magazine.

NATURAL SOUNDS.

WE sometimes speak of "perfect silence," "profound silence," and we liken the sudden cessation of noise and clamour to the "stillness of death" — without reflecting on what these terms signify, or whether the thing, or the *no-thing* they represent be at all known to us, familiarly as we use such expressions. In truth, silence utter and complete is a very rare thing indeed, and it is difficult to say where it is to be found, unless it be in the brain of the deaf mute who has his world outside of the "realm of sound." We do not get silence in the deep gloom of the forest, though there may be the repose of utter solitude; that is rather a change from one region of sound to another: in summer the leaves lift up their voices, the insect millions fill the air with a chorus so faint during the livelong day, as to be hardly recognizable save by its absence when the night comes — to say nothing of the songs of birds which from time to time burst on the stillness; and in winter, even though "horror wide extends her desolate domain," it is not a horror of utter silence — the dead leaves are heard to rustle, the bare branches to moan and gnash their teeth, while ten thousand minute crepitations tell of the changes going on upon the surfaces of things around through the contraction of bark and fibre in consequence of the cold. We do not get it out in the midnight solitudes of heath or prairie, or in the lonely churchyard. The poet's idea, "Stars silent above us — graves silent beneath," may apply to the stars and the graves, but not to the pool that reflects the stars or the grass that fringes the lips of the grave, both of which will respond to the whisper of the night-wind in whispers of their own — "making night vocal to an ear attuned." For our own part we are free to confess, that notwithstanding some attempts in that direction, we have never been able to get into the actual presence of silence perfect and absolute.

Seeing that such is the case, what a

wonderfully kind and beneficent arrangement of Providence it is that the sounds we hear are what they are, so bountifully fitted to our perceptions as to impart satisfaction and pleasure to us, and that of an enduring kind which for the most part never palls on the senses. This provision is one of the wonders of creation. All the sounds of Nature are sounds, so to speak, that *wear well*. When the winds lift up their voices, do they not strike upon the ear like the greetings of old friends, and is not every note they breathe full of the associations of things foregone and past which it is worth while to have thus recalled? Think of the voice of waters, the leaping of the ocean waves when "the floods clap their hands" — the seaward swirl of the running river as it sings along between the green banks — the glad ripple of wind-ruffled lake or mountain tarn — the shout of the torrent as it leaps along among the lichen-clad boulders — the grand roar of the cataract as it thunders from the steep. How thoroughly do all these sounds tell each its peculiar tale! how freshly do they appeal to the senses every time we hear them, with feelings and suggestions that are ever new and refuse to grow old! Who would wish to change them for sounds, however exquisite, produced by art or man's device? For, please to note, no sounds of voice or instrument, artificially produced, will wear half as well, or a hundredth part as well as do the accompaniments to which Nature has set her own melodies. The poet tells us of the brook "which all night long singeth a quiet tune," and the figure is pretty and touching enough. But how happy for us that it is only a figure! Just imagine it to be a fact! Suppose yourself living in a cottage on the banks of a brook that all night long was singing, for instance, "We're all a-noddin' ;" that's a quiet tune — or "The Last Rose of Summer;" that's more quiet still. How long do you think you could stand it? You know very well that you could not sit out a twelve hours' concert at St. James's Hall, even were all the talent of Europe assembled to charm you: what would you do with a single tune grinding eternally in your ears? Of a truth, whatever the tune might be, you would come to the conclusion, ere long, that it was the identical one the cow died of, and that it would kill you too unless you got out of hearing; and away you would run accordingly.

No; with all due regard to poets and musicians, Nature never plays tunes; if she did she would only worry and weary us, whereas her gentle design is to soothe us to

rest or to invigorate us for work. As already stated, her sounds are everywhere; everything animate or inanimate has a voice, and things we call dead speak to one another. "The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;" the sedges in the pool talk and gossip together in the quiet evening hours; deep calleth unto deep, and amidst the mad and yeasty waves "we hear old Triton wind his wretched horn." Her gamut extends through a tremendous scale, from the topmost treble of the shrilly gnat to the deep diapason of the bellowing thunder; and she has the wonderful knack of making sweet harmonies out of the sourest materials, softening them by distance or modifying them by artful combinations. Then she arranges her concerts with the kindest regard for her auditors, putting the rougher performers in the background, and the sweetest and best in the front. Thus the boom of the bittern, the plaint of the stork, the hoarse cry of the carrion crow, and the caw of the rook, reach us from afar, shorn by distance of their harshness; while the thrush and the blackbird pipe joyously in our orchards, the linnet and goldfinch build in our gardens, the nightingale sends his song into our open windows as we lie and listen to him by starlight, and the merry cricket chirps in our chimney-corners till the whole house rings with his jollity.

It is no great cause for wonder that all the sounds of Nature have not yet been traced to their source. If any one by way of experiment will betake himself to some lonely spot far from any human dwelling—say in the afternoon of a summer's day—and try to account for all the sounds he hears, even in a spot where he can hear the fewest, he may chance to find himself puzzled beyond his utmost skill. Travellers have been thus puzzled in a most inexplicable manner, and have tried in vain, with all their science and all their knowledge of natural phenomena, to solve the difficulty the strange sounds presented. There is a sound familiar to dwellers on the sea-coast, which is occasionally heard towards nightfall and for an hour after sunset, and which fishermen call the "sough." It is neither the noise of the wind, nor of the waves, nor of the breakers on the shore—at least it seems conclusively not to be either of these, because all three of these can be heard and distinctly recognized simultaneously with the moaning of the "sough." We have ourselves heard it several times on certain parts of the coast, and have also listened for it at the same season of the year on other parts, and failed to detect it. Seafar-

ing men seem to care nothing about it, and it is vain to ask them for any explanation. It does not seem to come from the offing, but rather from the windings of the shore, and from the quarter from which the wind is blowing. What can it be? Perhaps the following story, upon which we chanced the other day in a volume of extracts, may throw some light on the subject. One fine Sunday morning an American clipper was making all sail for port, running with a side wind on a track parallel with a part of the coast then a hundred miles distant. The men were assembled on deck enjoying the beautiful weather, when suddenly they all started and looked at each other with amazement as the sound of church-going bells burst upon the ear. For several minutes the familiar peal continued, louder or fainter as the vessel rose or fell on the bounding billows, while the crew stood motionless as if spell-bound. The skipper, a thoughtful man, after listening for a time with the rest, went to the helm and slowly altered the vessel's course. As she rounded a little seaward, the sweet sounds stopped as suddenly as they had come: he then put her back on the old tack, when the bells began to peal again, he repeating the experiment several times to satisfy himself of the facts of the case. The reader has probably guessed what the facts were. Although the village where the bells were ringing was a hundred miles off, and under ordinary circumstances such sounds would never travel so great a distance, yet under the circumstances then existing the fact was clear enough that they did so travel. The wind which bore the sounds blew in a stiff breeze off the land; the large concavity of the broad bellying mainsail caught the musical vibrations, and, by reflecting them back as it were in a focus upon the deck, rendered them audible. This was the skipper's explanation of the phenomenon, the truth of which he had tested by altering the vessel's course. Now here, it appears to us, is a key to the mysterious sounds of the "sough" as it moans along the autumnal shore at nightfall. We have only to imagine, in place of the village church bells, a storm or gale of wind raging at the distance of some hundred or more miles, much too far off to be heard under ordinary circumstances, and, in place of the bellying mainsail, such a conformation of the coast and circling cliffs as shall serve the same purpose, by catching and concentrating the exhausted undulations of sound, and thus rendering them audible. We believe that this may be the right solution of

the mystery; at any rate it points to a reason why the "sough" is frequently heard on some parts of our coast and never on other parts.

Concerning the strange and inexplicable sounds heard by travellers in various parts of the world, there have been from time to time many interesting reports. Among the most curious of these are perhaps the accounts met with in the narratives of Australian explorers. Mr. Wood is not the only witness. Stuart mentions that one morning, when in the interior, among the red sandhills of the inhospitable desert, he was startled by hearing a loud, clear, reverberating explosion, like the booming of artillery. These noises, which have been frequently observed in sandy districts, seem to come with an explosive echo from the sandhills, and reverberate for a considerable time amongst the surrounding mountains. Sounds of a like kind have alarmed most of the Australian explorers. Captain Sturt, who followed the course of the Darling River in 1828, describes an extraordinary sound which about three in the afternoon, on a day in the month of February of that year, astonished himself and party. "The day," he says, "had been remarkably fine, not a cloud was there in the heavens, nor a breath of air to be felt. On a sudden we heard what seemed to be the report of a gun fired at the distance of between five and six miles. It was not the hollow sound of an earthy explosion, or the sharp, cracking noise of falling timber, but in every way resembled a discharge of a heavy piece of ordnance. On this all the men agreed, but no one was certain whence the sound proceeded. Both Mr. Hume and myself, however, thought it came from the north-west. I immediately sent one of the men up a tree, but he could observe nothing unusual. The country around him appeared to be equally flat on all sides, and to be thickly wooded. Whatever occasioned the report, it made a strong impression on all of us, and to this day the singularity of such a sound in such a situation is a matter of mystery to me."

If travellers are alarmed abroad by sounds they cannot explain, dwellers at home are no less alarmed at times by sounds perfectly natural in themselves, but which are often made formidable by fear and superstitious dread. We have known a series of grueful groans which made a whole family miserable for a month to proceed from the vibration of a strip of leather and baize nailed on a door to keep the draught away. Wailing and sobbing noises are often heard in old houses from defects which a few nails and a

glue-pot would remedy. New houses, fresh from the hands of the builder, will indulge in the strangest noises for months together; and if they happen to be full of new furniture there is no telling when one could reckon on domestic quiet. As you lie in bed you hear a crack here, a bang there, creaking above, and a groaning below; and if you choose you may shiver with apprehension at each fresh demonstration; but you may be wiser if you call to mind that all woodwork when new is liable to shrink, and that the shrinking will often announce itself by a detonating noise. You don't hear such noises in the day because they are stilled by other noises, but the silence of night gives them a startling effect. It is far otherwise with sounds to which we are accustomed, but of these we do not here speak.

From the Reader.

BRITISH CAPTIVES IN ABYSSINIA.

The British Captives in Abyssinia. By Charles T. Beke, Ph. D., F. S. A. Second Edition. 8vo. 12s. (Longmans).

If the finger of scorn be sometimes pointed at England for allowing not only her subjects, but a Consul of the Empire, to languish out what is fast becoming a hopeless imprisonment in the dungeons of a barbarian monarch, she is not without illustrious precedents to excuse her prudent apathy. The soldier of Crassus was, perhaps, not worth an expedition, but Augustus was only too glad when he recovered the Roman standards not by arms but by diplomacy, and his poet thought or professed to think, such a triumph as glorious as any the master of the Roman world had ever achieved. Still more consoling to the pride of Englishmen, though not quite so satisfactory to the captives, if it ever crosses their minds, or to their friends is the case of Valerian. He lived and died a prisoner, but, if we recollect right, it was thought that had his substitute as Emperor been any other than his own son, Sapor would not have been allowed to trample with impunity on the majesty of the Roman name. Consul Cameron is not indeed Valerian, but he may complain of Lord Russell, quite as much as his father did of Gallienus. "He, two missionaries of the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, and several other British subjects and persons connected with

British missionary societies,—men, women, and children, have been for three years the captives of Theodore, Emperor of Abyssinia. . . . Her Majesty's Representative and several of these captives have further been subjected to the greatest indignities, and even to cruel torture, and they have long remained in prison, chained hand and foot, herded together with the lowest criminals; whilst to add to the difficulties and disgrace of all parties concerned, Mr. Rassam, the Envoy sent by the Government of this country with a letter signed by Her Majesty's own hand, with a view to effect the liberation of the unfortunate persons who have so long lingered in captivity, has himself been thrown into prison, together with the members of his suite."

Such is the case, and the purpose of Dr. Beke is "to give a narrative of the events that have led to the present deplorable state of affairs, the treatment to which our unfortunate countrymen have been subjected, and what has been done to procure their liberation." Nominally we have a second edition; but the first is represented by a mere pamphlet, and the volume before us, though it retains traces of its original form in the style of composition, has swelled into a respectable octavo. We must say at once it is very dull reading. Dr. Beke finds fault with everybody, and most likely he is right. The Emperor Napoleon was wrong for not answering Theodore's letter in his own name. The French Consul, M. Lejean, was wrong in demanding his *congé* of the Emperor too suddenly. He appears to have been the first European official who was thrown into prison. This event took place in March, 1863, in this wise. "The Emperor, not being in a very placid humour, refused to receive his guest; and the latter, with equal pertinacity, insisted on having an audience. This exasperated the monarch, and poor Lejean was put in chains, and for four-and-twenty hours had to meditate on this novel mode of enforcing court etiquette." He was soon liberated, but Theodore had found out his power. In July of the same year Captain Cameron "met the Emperor face to face." Now Theodore had written to the Queen of England as well as to Napoleon. The latter answered by his minister; but the minister of the former sent no answer at all. We cannot be very much surprised at the following conversation:—

"Have you brought me an answer from the Queen of England?" "No." "Why not?" "Because I have not received any communica-

tion from the Government on the subject." "Why, then, do you come to me now?" "To request permission to return to Massowah." "What for?" "Because I have been ordered by the Government to go there." "So," exclaimed the exasperated monarch, "your Queen can give you orders to go and visit my enemies the Turks, and then to return to Massowah; but she cannot send a civil answer to my letter to her. You shall not leave me till that answer comes."

Still Captain Cameron was not arrested. So far the quarrel was a very narrow one. The Governments of France and England had not treated the Emperor of Abyssinia with sufficient respect, and the latter had retaliated on their representatives. Religion and the zeal of proselytism was to complicate the affair, and render an issue doubtful, perhaps impossible. There were at that time "three missionary establishments in Abyssinia; a German mission from Basle, a Protestant mission from this country, and a French Propagandist mission." The Christianity of Abyssinia is no doubt of a very degraded kind; but it argues well for the toleration of Theodore that he is reported to have said—"I have nothing to do with preaching the Gospel; but if you can be of any use to me, I shall be very glad that you shall stay." It is not every sovereign who allows foreigners to propagate whatever ideas they please within his dominions. Mr. Layard stated in Parliament, and, however careless he may have been sometimes about his facts, we see no reason to doubt his veracity here, that all these establishments were intensely jealous of each other. Meanwhile, an answer to one of Theodore's letters signed by M. Drouhyn de Lhuys arrived. Theodore was so delighted that he summoned all the Europeans in his dominions to hear it publicly read, on the 20th September. But it did not satisfy him, and M. Lejean was, fortunately for him, ordered out of Abyssinia forthwith. Still the quarrel was little more than diplomatic. But, on October 15th, Mr. Stern, the English missionary came to pay his respects to the Emperor. His address was badly interpreted, and the interpreters were beaten so severely as to die the same night. Mr. Stern, alarmed at the scene, bit his thumb. This action, we know well, was, in times past, considered a sign that deadly revenge was intended. It is still considered so in Abyssinia; and poor Mr. Stern suffered nearly as much as his servants. Mutual forgiveness would, however, soon have been exchanged, had it not been for M. Bardel, whose secret instructions were

to destroy the Protestant mission. Here was a fine chance for a Jesuit. He had been the envoy of Theodore to France, and did not share in the disgrace of M. Lejean. On the contrary, he was Theodore's chief counsellor. See how he served him:—

Under the belief that the persons and property of Europeans were inviolable, Mr. Stern had incautiously recorded, both in his manuscript notebook and in his printed work, of which he had taken a copy with him to Abyssinia, facts and opinions more or less derogatory to the Emperor Theodore. During his illness he had employed himself, as best he could, in erasing from his journals and other papers the offensive passages. But, unfortunately, he had mentioned their existence to M. Bardel, and that individual made known the fact to the Emperor.

It is pleasant to think M. Bardel is himself a prisoner, and at one time shared the chains of Mr. Stern. Then, for the first time, the anger of Theodore was really excited, and all the Europeans, the English Consul not excepted, were imprisoned. But even now all might shortly have been well. The artisan missionaries and the Scotch were released, and on the 20th November a High Court was held to try Stern, Rosenthal, and Mrs. Flad. Their own countrymen wisely admitted their guilt. They had but to confess, and be pardoned. By that fatality, which seems to have attended every step of this business, they tried to justify their conduct. It is strange that men who make the Bible their study should so utterly ignore the many worldly precepts which it contains. Solomon, who ought to have known something about it, tells the uninitiated how to deal with princes, and that the very bird in the air will convey whatever is said against them. They were condemned (privately) to death; "the knives to cut off their hands and feet actually lying close to the spot where they had stood." Again they stood a chance; but they lost it, and on "January 4th, 1864, Captain Cameron, his European attendants, and all the missionaries, were put in fetters, and, together with Stern and Rosenthal, confined in one common prison within the royal enclosure." And now they had to welcome their betrayer, M. Bardel:—

A few days afterwards M. Bardel, who since his return from his secret mission had been taken into high favour, and is understood to have presumed too much on it, was brought to the tent in which the English prisoners remained in chains, and added to their number—his offence being, as was publicly stated by the head jailer, that he had misrepresented the prisoners to the Emperor, and caused him to chain them, that he had himself also spoken ill of the Emperor, and that he had further, by unfounded assertions, tried to prejudice him against the European workmen at Gaffat; which last grievance the Emperor doubtless took to heart far more than the others, on account of his great regard for them.

Torture and captivity were the lot of all till the 25th of February, 1866, when Mr. Rassam arrived at the Emperor's camp, and orders were given for their liberation. The captives were willing now to make any sort of submission that might be required of them. The Emperor was in the humour to be gracious. But Mr. Rassam did not quite understand the potentate he had to deal with. He attempted to smuggle the captives off, and had no desire to remain a hostage himself. Theodore saw through the design, and the result was that Mr. Rassam himself was added to the number of the prisoners. There he remains along with them at present. Dr. Beke, with his wife, was once on his way to assist, and is ready to go out again; but the position of Theodore has altered in the meantime, and the future is more uncertain than ever. Dr. Beke thinks we are drifting into a war with Abyssinia, and in that case his personal knowledge of the country may be very useful. But Theodore is so capricious—especially after dinner—that perhaps one day he may behave like the Chinese, drive his prisoners away as fast as he can, and be glad to get rid of them. The situation is very unpleasant. But we do not see that France has managed so much better than ourselves. There is nothing for it but to wait till the spring for further news, and to recommend Dr. Beke's book to those Members of Parliament who want to make out a case against the Foreign Office.